

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## "The Sacred Instrument."

It is marvelous how many men there are who fail to recognize and appreciate the wide and deep results of the late war, and who appear to regard that war as an incident in our history, rather startling it is true, but not a revolution fundamentally affecting our whole political, civil and social organization, necessitating many changes, involving new duties, and bringing new responsibilities. They cannot understand that it was a deluge; they cannot be made to see that through it old things have passed away and all things have become new. They will perhaps admit that our conditions are materially altered; that we have got rid of elements that entered into and shaped our early organization; but they insist that we must continue to think and act as if our conditions were unchanged, and as if the virus of old disease still poisoned the political body. They would perhaps object to be called Buchananites, or "Philosophers of the School of Wheatland," who could find no constitutional warrant for a nation to save its own life, and who frankly declared that the nation must die, because there was no express clause in the Constitution authorizing it to live! Yet they do belong to that school, however much they may object to the association. They prefer to call themselves "Constitutionalists;" and proclaim, with uplifted brows, and in sonorous voices, their determination "to stand or fall, survive or perish, live or die, on and by and through the sacred instrument bequeathed to us by our fathers"—just as if our fathers would be inane enough to frame such a constitution, or "sacred instrument," if they were to live to-day, and under the circumstances that surround us!

We are weary of the eternal cant about the "sacred instrument," and sincerely wish that circumstances would so combine as to enable us to substitute for it something more in consonance with the spirit of the age, the necessities of the day, and our altered conditions. It is, however, so hedged around by forms, and any reformation in it is so difficult in consequence, that we can hardly hope for the

calling of a National Constitutional Convention within this decade or the next. But meantime we must get on, with the Constitution or in spite of it. We have broken through it time and again under the pressure of necessity, or for the promotion of obvious national interests, and probably will continue to do so in the

late rebellion possible, and consequently made no provisions for the contingency; they did not consider it necessary to re-enact the first instinct and right of humanity, that of self-preservation; and because they did not do so, we were not long ago told that the Constitution itself must die and the nation cease to

and that we cannot adopt the obviously necessary means to prevent the recurrence of rebellion. That although slavery be extinct, all the ramifications of the system, all its thousand roots and fibres penetrating and permeating our political system, still live and cannot be dissected out constitutionally!

Now, we insist that the nation, on the field of battle, by force of arms, through blood and slaughter, in a manner the most solemn possible, and by an appeal the highest known to man, framed a Constitution, few and simple but stern and eternal in its provisions, which no possible convention can set aside—which no court can revise, and which is not to be interpreted by the light of instruments having an origin less "sacred" than this, which came out of the flames of war, as the Tables of the Law from the fire of Sinai. All courts, all congresses, all executives, every branch of the Government, high and low, judicial, legislative and administrative, are bound by the unwritten Constitution enacted by the people in their ultimate exercise of power on the thousand battlefields of our land. Those who seek to impair or set aside its provisions or undermine it by decisions of courts, high or low, or by nullifying enactments or through default of duty, may as well understand, once for all, that the power that created it will enforce it, and that the high authority which made the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence enduring realities and the supreme law of the nation, all "sacred instruments" to the contrary notwithstanding, will insist on its faithful recognition in every department of Government.

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," absolute equality before the law, equal rights, which no convention can abridge or law deny—this is the substance of the higher Constitution of our land; and whatever instrument, or statute or enactment contravenes these fundamental rights of the people, declared, vindicated and settled as they have been, is null and void. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States cannot bridge over the Red Sea through which the



TRAVELLERS LOST IN THE SNOW.—ENGRAVED FROM A STUDY, BY W. J. LINTON.—SEE PAGE 323.

future. Technically the President has violated it; in the same sense Congress is constantly violating it; and the Supreme Court is steadily outraging its spirit and defeating its purpose, under the cover of its technicalities.

Its framers never imagined such an event as

live! But the nation decreed to live, with or without constitutions and "sacred instruments," and realized its purpose. But now we are told that the Constitution prohibits, or at least does not authorize us to realize and preserve the results of the War of Salvation;

ment, or statute or enactment contravenes these fundamental rights of the people, declared, vindicated and settled as they have been, is null and void. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States cannot bridge over the Red Sea through which the



nation has passed by majority decisions and lead it back to the land of darkness and bondage. Treacherous officials cannot long refuse to obey the Supreme Law of the land; nor can States long deny its existence and supremacy.

Congress seems to be equal to its duty. It should neither admit nor re-admit a State that does not, in the most solemn manner and in good faith, recognize the fundamental principle of equal rights; and, we go further still—and in the results of the war, find the behest and instruction to secure to every State what the "sacred instrument" itself authorizes them to secure—"a republican form of government."

That government is neither republican in form nor spirit which discriminates for or against any class of its citizens, or abridges in any way the natural rights of any individual, except as punishment for crime.

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**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
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**Special Notice.**

We give this week the portrait of Mr. W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver from London, who stands confessedly at the head of his profession, and print also upon our first page a picture engraved and signed by him. In making the announcement that Mr. Linton has been engaged to work exclusively for the *ILLUSTRATED PAPER* during his sojourn in this country, we feel confident that the statement will be received by all lovers of art with as much pleasure as it gives us to make it. It being our intention to make the *ILLUSTRATED PAPER* the best and worthiest exponent of the times, we shall in the future, as in the past, spare no labor or expense in making and keeping its artistic merits in the front rank of improvement, and as true an index of the advance of art as the literary department is of the tendency and progress of thought and life. We have other new features and improvements in process of preparation, and shall, as they are ready to be submitted for approval, take occasion to call attention to them, and trust that they will meet with the favorable reception which has, up to this time, been so grateful a response to our efforts in making the *ILLUSTRATED PAPER* the leading journal of its class.

**The Ferries. Snow. Ice.**

If the remonstrances, the invectives, the entreaties of the daily press could have any influence upon the public bodies who have charge of the streets and ferry-boats of this metropolis, one might hope that some reform in their administration would soon be made. Almost every possible form of appeal has been exhausted. Not alone all the generalities of bad management, but the details, almost innumerable, of the individual hardships and discomforts which people have suffered during the past week have crowded the columns of our contemporaries. From the ponderous "leader," warning in solemn tones those who are in authority that the nuisances we are exposed to will not be much longer endured, down to the voluble scoldings of the city reporters, only one tone of complaint is heard, which would be monotonous in its sameness if every one were not made aware in his own experience of its startling reality and truth.

But all seems to be in vain. From long experience the ferry companies know that when the thaw comes, and their boats can run regularly, the grumbings which now assail them will cease; that people, forgetting the perils and annoyances of those days, will not the less flock in crowds to Brooklyn and the Jersey shores; and that when May comes, for one family that removes its residence to this city because of the dangers of the ferries during winter, twenty will take refuge across the water from the high rents and expenses which they must encounter here. So long as their profits are thus secured, the ferry companies care little for a passing ebullition of popular

indignation, and it is by no means easy to point out an effectual remedy for the repeated abuse of their powers. Even supposing a bridge to Brooklyn to be erected—as there is some reason to believe it will be—it can only in ordinary times tap a limited region at each end. Of course during a season like the present, such a bridge would be of the greatest possible service, but no one who knows anything of the characteristics of our people will believe for a moment that, for eleven months out of the twelve they will hesitate to use the quickest modes of conveyance between their homes and their places of business, even though those modes be the now reviled ferry-boats. We cannot expect to have more than one bridge, and as—except in rare cases—the people in South Brooklyn or Williamsburg will not use a bridge at Brooklyn Heights, we are thrown back on the ferries, with all their faults and shortcomings.

It is reported that the Legislature is about to investigate the matter, with a view, if possible, to supply a remedy. As suggestions are now in fashion, we may be allowed to make ours, which, if carried into practice, would, we believe, be very beneficial. In cases where loss of life or injury to person arise, from the want of due precaution against accident, or from the carelessness of those in charge of the boats, we propose that the lessees of the companies, be made criminally liable. And again, where unnecessary delay in starting has taken place, we would put within the power of any individual who has suffered from the detention a summary method of obtaining pecuniary damages. There is no doubt of the legal liability of any conveyance company for damages sustained by any one by reason of non-adherence to their contract. If a company engages to convey passengers every quarter of an hour, and only starts a boat once in two or three hours, or not at all, they are even now liable for damages to every passenger so detained. The difficulty in practice is that no one will go to the trouble and expense of a lawsuit for so small a matter. We would, therefore, establish a court of summary jurisdiction for such cases, where complaints could be heard and decided without the delay of an hour. If the ferry companies knew that the detention for hours of several thousand people, as has happened several times lately, would probably bring upon them the next day fines amounting to a thousand dollars, they would probably find some effectual means of breaking up the ice and starting their boats "on time." At all events, if they did not, they would be thrown on their defense, and the public would hear if any insuperable reason existed, and what it was, for violating their engagements.

But even worse than this ferry nuisance, because it afflicts a greater number of people, is the plague of the snow and ice in the streets. Varying in depth from four feet to as many inches, gradually being reduced to a state of slush and mud and semi-fluidity, this nuisance has now covered our streets for a week without the slightest attempt being made by any one to remove it. If it were a calamity like an earthquake or a flood, such as no human sagacity could foresee and no human effort could alleviate, we might feel resigned to it, as to any other dispensation of Providence. But when its removal is only a matter of so many dollars, so many men, so many carts and horses, resignation is misplaced, and only appears another form of imbecility and helplessness. True, some people may find a compensation for being obliged to wade across the streets down town, in the pleasures of sleigh-driving in the Park, but only a limited number are able to devote themselves to amusements; and for those whose duties oblige them to attend to business, the present state of the streets is simply intolerable. The street contractor may plead that his contract does not oblige him to cart away snow, and the Board of Health may see nothing detrimental to the public health in the wet and moisture which penetrate so many basements and through so many boots. Even in the interests of poor suffering horse-flesh, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals cannot see its way to come to the public relief. So we are trusting to the sun and warm rain, when it comes, to do the work which shovels and carts ought to have performed some days ago, and which any proper organization of the available labor in the city would have easily effected. Meanwhile, no one can cross the streets without being up to the ankles in water; and while every one says something ought to be done, no one seems to know exactly what ought to be done, or who should do it.

All this reflects very little credit upon our civilization, and if democratic institutions cannot give us the first requirements of a crowded city like ours, one is almost tempted to wish that some sterner government could once and a while be introduced. We learn from foreign papers that Paris was visited with a heavy snow-storm in the first week of this month, and yet within a few hours every particle of it was carted away and thrown into the Seine; and perhaps the Parisians may prefer their military despotism under which they enjoy the

external comforts of life to a rude democracy under which they would lose them. If it be any consolation to know that others are no better off than ourselves, we may be comforted by knowing that a few inches of snow in London have reduced the Cockneys to a worse plight, if possible, than ours, and that their various boards are just as inefficient. Like ourselves, that nation can do great things, but cannot do little ones. We can raise a vast army and conquer a continent, but we cannot cart a few tons of snow from Broadway or scrape out the street gutters. However, the complaints in our newspapers are very tame compared with those with which the London authorities are taken to task, and in which the people bewail themselves. A leading journal says: "What is the use of pretending to be civilized? It will be quite time enough to boast that we are not as other men are, and that we bask in the glorious light of local self-government \* \* \* when we can in less than three days sweep up the snow in London. As it is, we can't; or, at any rate, we don't, or we won't. And so Paris must be clean, and London must remain full of mud and slush, and disease and filth, because we have our Anglo-Saxon institutions—yes, and our Anglo-Saxon barbarism and our Anglo-Saxon stupidity."

Perhaps our brighter skies and the general elasticity of the American character may prevent our being as much in the dumps under a passing affliction as our cousins seem to be; but is it not high time that if we boast of our city as the metropolis of the United States, that we should excel other cities in cleanliness, as we do in wealth?

**Union Under Pressure.**

CHEMISTS describe the union of bodies of dissimilar kinds as being either chemical or mechanical, and one of the methods of effecting such union is by heavy pressure. It is not often that the phenomena of the effects of pressure upon social or political atoms having no inherent affinity can be witnessed free from disturbing influences; but we have lately been favored with an instructive, if not an amusing, instance of it.

The squabble between the Central and the Hudson River Railroads has been short-lived as it was violent; and though it has already become only a matter of history, it possesses some features which should not be forgotten as part of the annals of the times. What the merits of the quarrel were the public knows little and cares less. It is only concerned in knowing that in the extremest rigor of the coldest winter we have had for years, travelers from New York to the West were forced to cross the ice on the Hudson River at Albany on foot, while a magnificent bridge over their heads stretched between the two banks of the river, unused and useless, because the two railroad companies whose lines touched each end could not agree as to whose cars should cross. Of course this was not the only disputed point between them. Questions of freight, traffic and other matters were involved; but, as far as the public interests were concerned, it was this point alone that possessed any importance. There was the bridge with the iron track upon it. The Hudson River Company's trains stopped at the east side, and the Central Company's trains started only from the West, and the passengers who wanted to go through, the sick, the feeble, women and children, might scramble across the river from the one train to the other in the best way they could. Luckily the Legislature was in Albany, and this "solution of continuity" between the metropolis and themselves was felt as an intolerable grievance. Without the usual formalities, a bill to remedy it was put upon its passage. The character of its provisions it is unnecessary to relate, but it was something like the dreaded institution of a Commission, which has been found by experience to be an effectual remedy for all abuses and misgovernments.

The pressure was too great. The refractory particles ceased their mutual repulsion—their repulsive qualities in fact—and immediately coalesced. One is irresistibly reminded of the old nursery story, of which the ending was, "and stiek began to beat the dog, and dog began to bite the pig, and the poor old woman got home that night." At all events the trains began to cross the bridge, and legislators and others were no longer obliged to exchange the comforts of warm cars for perilous exposure to Arctic cold.

All chemical changes evolve heat, but we are not informed what amount of caloric was thrown off by the directors of the two companies who met under these unpleasant conditions on Saturday night, and did not separate till a late hour on Sunday morning, though, no doubt, it was of considerable amount. They announce, however, they are now working in harmony, and will continue to give through tickets as heretofore, and we trust their repentance will be sincere and lasting. They have received a good lesson, and we only wish our Legislature would show similar vigor in dealing with our city railroads and ferry companies, who would be none the worse for

being threatened with the loss of their franchise if they did not consult the interests of the public more and those of their own pockets less.

**Here and There.**

THE question of the value of human life appears to receive a very different solution in Great Britain from what it does among ourselves. It can scarcely be called an oversensitiveness which estimates the loss of a man's life as a deep injury to society, to say nothing of the suffering which his sudden death inflicts upon the immediate relatives. It would be supposed that in a country like ours, where the demand for labor exceeds the supply, that the value set on human life would be greater than in a country with a redundant population and where a lower rate of wages prevails. Yet the two cases we shall briefly lay before our readers show that such an hypothesis would be incorrect, and that, in point of fact, it is precisely where people are most densely crowded together that "accidental deaths" are most closely investigated and, comparatively, the most severe punishment attends criminal carelessness or neglect.

As we read the account, it seems that recently, in the heart of London city, some workmen were employed in hauling some heavy iron girders, and placing them in position, to form the foundation of a building in the course of construction over a deep railway cutting, along which trains were constantly running. One of these girders, weighing about three and a half tons, was carelessly dragged a few inches further than it ought to have been. It toppled over, and fell upon a passenger-train passing at the moment, smashing the rear carriage, and killing three of the passengers. A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the coroner's jury against the foreman of the works, although he was not present at the time of the fatal accident, and the gauger, through whose carelessness the girder fell. The leading London journal remarks: "It is impossible to speak too severely of such conduct; and though we may commiserate the unhappy men who must now await their trial, it is impossible to say a single word in extenuation either of the neglect itself or the peril which it occasioned."

The counterpart, on our side of the Atlantic, to this occurrence took place at Newburg, on the 10th instant, when the boiler of the Washington Iron Works exploded, killing one man and causing probably fatal injuries to others. This is stated to be the third explosion at the same works within seven years; and the coroner's jury say in their verdict: "That the owners of the boilers have not exercised proper precaution against such an explosion by necessary superintendence, examination, and repairs of the same."

Not a word in all this beyond the mere usual censure; no sending these culpable owners for trial, for causing the horrible deaths of at least two men and permanent injuries to others—at least no such action of the coroner is found in the published accounts, and judging by the numerous similar cases which occur, the verdict of the jury will be the end of the affair.

It would not be difficult to multiply such contrasts of the punishment inflicted upon culpable carelessness in England and the immunity it enjoys here. It would be refreshing, if it were only for its novelty, to hear of "negligence" being sent to the State prison for five years, or "carelessness" serving out a term of solitary confinement. After all, the verdict of a coroner's jury is very much the reflection of popular feeling in such matters, and if the fashion could only be initiated of punishing railroad directors and steamboat owners in some sharper way than merely by suits for damages by the relatives of those who have perished through their recklessness, the public would soon be made aware of a new tenderness in the care for their lives and limbs.

**Iconoclasts.**

WE are at war with the critics. What is the use of their dispelling pleasing illusions, and banishing from history those exciting and interesting incidents, in no way affecting conclusions, but which enliven and make it attractive, only because they are not true? Now Victor Hugo may have thought he did a good thing in giving us the real and very dirty story about the Old Guard at Waterloo; but most of us would prefer the sonorous version of it as set down by the historians. The famous order of General Taylor, "Give 'em a little more grape!" sounds none the worse for being a rather unwarrantable paraphrase of the slightly profane order that he really did give. And we must say, however much it may speak for the modesty of Admiral Farragut, that he ought not to disabuse us of the notion that he really lashed himself in the rigging of the Hartford, in true melo-dramatic style, to sink or swim with his vessel. He says he only did it so that he could more readily use his glass, and with no kind of purpose of making sure of going down with his ship, if she should unhappily



he sunk. Quite the reverse! He would have cut loose his fastenings, in such an event, in mighty short order, and if possible got aboard the nearest vessel of his squadron.

Was it not enough to have it proved to us that "Logan, the Friend of the White Man," never made the famous speech we have so often declaimed, with emulous fervor, in boarding-schools? And must we give up Pocahontas, and picture her as a wanton little squaw, whom the police would look out for sharply, even in the least reputable streets of the metropolis? And was the story about her saving Captain Smith made out of whole cloth by that mendacious old filibuster himself? Alas! and alack! there can be no doubt about it. The critics have exhumed a lot of old documents of the period, and in one of them by one Strachey, we have this rather funny account of Pocahontas in her girlhood:

"Pocahontas, a well-featured but wanton young girl, Powhatan's daughter, sometimes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve years, would get the boys forth with her into the market place, and make them wheel, falling on their hands, turning up their heels upward, whom she would follow and wheele so her self, naked as she was, all the fort over."

Now because she liked to indulge in a little active exercise which crinoline would not have allowed her to enjoy, it by no means follows that Pocahontas did not save John Smith's life, just as we see other heroes' lives saved, every night, at Niblo's, by young ladies almost as little encumbered with drapery as she is reported to have been. But here come in the inexorable documents again. In all his earlier accounts of his adventures and experiences in Virginia, although covering the period within which the alleged incident occurred, Smith makes no mention of it; and it was not until sixteen years after it purports to have happened that he relates it. It is almost certain that the story was an after-thought, for Pocahontas was in her grave when it was first published. None of the contemporary accounts of the Indian girl, printed while she was in England, and when everything relating to her was eagerly sought for, contain any reference to the exploit that has made her name famous.

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

THE snow-storms and the filthy state of the streets, the difficulties of going about the city either on foot or in any of the pretended means of locomotion, of crossing the ferries, or using any of the railroads to the neighboring towns, have been the one topic of conversation during the past week. New York is morally and physically in the condition of a man who is expected to continue wearing the clothes of his boyhood, after arriving at his maturity, and of moving gracefully in them. While the city was a village; while every man's antecedents were so well known that it was easy to predicate all postulates concerning him; while the city was so far down-town that the City Hall was a convenient place of evening resort; while the old-fashioned, village ideas of respectability continued to have some influencing force—in short, before we became the metropolis, a village system of government was as efficacious and as applicable to the management of the city affairs as the ordinary village means of locomotion were competent to the wants of the inhabitants. But we have changed all that. There are more people in the city than there used to be. The city government is no longer in the hands of the burghers whose childhood was passed among the men whom they came to govern eventually by superior wisdom and force of character. There is ground for suspicion that there is more or less corruption in obtaining the dispensation of the public moneys, and that to be a city officer is not always a reward of a long life of honesty and adherence to duty. Sometime or other the public will become convinced that it is worth their while to look into the administration of their servants, and demand a strict account at the hands of their agents. When the taxation has been so increased that real estate has become practically worthless in the city limits; when things have come to the point that the whole day is consumed in going to and from our dwelling-houses to our offices; when a journey in the cars or a voyage in the ferry-boats becomes a matter of such serious risk that every one who dares to undertake it will see to it that his will is made, and his affairs, if any are left to him, are left in order, then, perhaps, the extraordinary patience and docility of the great public may become exhausted, and we will commence to question in earnest the necessity and utility of having governors. It will be a dreadful day for the race of governors when this time comes; but like the advent of the period of the Reformation, when the religious houses were suppressed, their lands sold and their occupants driven out, there will be nothing for them to do but bear it as best they can. Meanwhile, however, except for minds of a peculiar temperament, there is but small consolation for our present conveniences in looking forward to this possible Utopia.

It would seem that the artists have succeeded somewhat in convincing Congress of the necessity of protecting them. If the artists place themselves before the country in the condition of tradesmen, they must not object to their losing the consideration which ordinarily attaches to the profession of an artist. It is a fact that no artist in this country, who was at once capable and industrious, failed to obtain a reputation and more solid rewards for his works. The question is not how to keep poor or good foreign pictures out of the country, but how to create artists in it. This is not to be done by duties on foreign pictures any more than poets are to be created by placing duties on foreign poems.

"War Poems" is the simple title of a small volume of lyrics by E. J. Outler, which were written during the war, and are now gathered from the papers into a more permanent form. Those who were charmed by their vigor and harmony when they appeared will be pleased to have them thus rescued to their attention.

The death of N. P. Willis will be the cause of regret to many. There is a certain light quality of writing, which says nothing, but does it in such a way that it is amusing in the reading, and leaves a pleasant memory in the mind afterward, which will remain a blank by Willis's death. Nor does there seem to be any one specially to succeed him. A certain gaiety which was not forced, and which would have been dispancy but for its genuineness, and through which every now and then appeared a touch of real feeling, is the general character of Willis's writings. He has, however, left some poems which will live. Among the class of literary men who, although suffering constantly from ill-health, bodily pain, and frequently domestic troubles, still keep up a cheerful air in public, never

whining, never repining, never complaining of their want of recognition or appreciation, and whose lives, properly understood, have more heroism in them than that of many who are supposed to monopolize this quality—among such men as Heine, Lamb, Hood—Willis may with propriety be classed. The best wish which his friends can have for his memory is that his biography may not fall into the hands of any of the biography hucksters, who gather like vultures on any reputation they think sufficient to afford them a meal.

While this week brings us the death of Willis, we hear from England of the death of Alexander Smith, whose poems attracted so much notice a few years ago, and gave promise which his later life hardly fulfilled. His first works were youthful, and now death has prevented his displaying those of his maturity.

#### Amusements in the City.

The leading additional features in city amusements, up to Wednesday, January 30th, have been as follows: \* \* \* At the Winter Garden Mr. Edwin Booth has continued his successful round, playing Hamlet, principally. On Tuesday evening the 29th, on the stage of the Winter Garden, at the close of the performance, occurred the long-expected presentation of a medal to Mr. Booth, by leading citizens, in commemoration of his hundred Hamlet nights of 1864-5. The medal, of gold and manufactured by Tiffany, has an effigy of the actor and Hamlet emblems. It was very tastefully presented by Mr. William Fallerton, on behalf of the committee, and feelingly acknowledged by Mr. Booth. On Saturday evening the 26th Mr. Booth played Othello—himself in the title-role; and on Monday the 29th the third of his Shakespearean revivals was inaugurated, with his Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice," of which due mention will be made hereafter. \* \* \* English opera has continued very successful at the Olympic, in the hands of the Richings troupe, and the opera continue to be well given. The most notable of the additional productions have been the "Bohemian Girl," with Miss Richings as Arline, Mr. Castle as Thaddeus, Mr. Campbell as Count Arnheim, Mr. Seguin as Devilshoof, Mr. Wylie as Florentine, etc.; the "Child of the Regiment," which supplied the matinee of Saturday the 26th; "Martha," etc. \* \* \* Two of the theatres yet hold on their old attractions: Wallack's, with the comedy of "Curs," and Niblo's, with the kaleidoscopic but always beautiful "Black Crook." \* \* \* At the New York Theatre the spectacle of "Cendrillon" closed its career on Saturday the 26th, and another Parisian fairy spectacle, the "Bird of Paradise," follows it—concerning which due comment next week. \* \* \* At the Broadway the pretty and modest Worrell Sisters have continued their round, their third week being filled with "Camille" and "Bacchante" (from the "Arabian Nights"), the "Pole of the Parterre" (a French trifle of no particular merit), and on and after Thursday the 25th, the old fairy "Cinderella." The Sisters, Mr. Donnelly, &c., have appeared to advantage in all. The next attraction at the Broadway is "Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Scamp," just taking its place; and that is to be followed by an oddity called "Clairvoyance," for which immense preparations are being made, and in which, besides the company, Manager McVicker, of Chicago, Mr. Charles Westleigh, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Leuegan, &c., are to take part. \* \* \* Mrs. C. O. Howard remains at Barnum's, with her attractive Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and that play, with the animals of the Barnum and Van Amburgh combination (one of the best gatherings of boats and birds ever seen in America) continue to draw houses never excelled at the old Museum. \* \* \* The New York Circus continues to attract profitably, with the "Horse Comedy," "Jerome Park Steeplechase, with Gentlemen Riders," &c. \* \* \* Manager James W. Lingard, of the burned New Bowery, is said to have secured a lease of the Thalia (German) Theatre on Broadway, for three years from 1867, and he will probably take possession of it for a spring season on the cheap plan. \* \* \* The nonsense about the unsafety of the roof of the new Academy of Music seems now to be at last settled by an authoritative report that it is "all right," so let us hope to hear no more of it. \* \* \* Max Maretzko gave the Brooklynians a single evening of Italian Opera, at the Academy, during the week. \* \* \* Mr. Harry D. Palmer, erroneously reported to have sailed for Europe with the Indians for the Paris Exposition, on the China, on the 18th, did not leave on that vessel, but on the Florida on Wednesday the 23d. \* \* \* Miss Florence A. Rice, of Brooklyn, is to be the recipient of a complimentary concert on Friday evening, February 1st, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, when she will be assisted by some of the first artists of New York and Brooklyn.

#### ART GOSSIP.

W. J. HATS has just finished a large and very striking picture of a scene peculiar to the great Western prairies. It represents a community of those quaint, interesting little marmots, known trivially as "prairie dogs," and so called by the early explorers of the plains, from the short, sharp yelps uttered by them. The composition discloses a vast expanse of rolling prairie, from the immediate foreground of which to far beyond the middle distance the ground is thickly studded with the little mounds of sandy loam thrown up by the burrowing occupants of the soil. Around the burrows in the foreground a group of these little creatures is seen, individualized by a great variety of characteristic action. The singular, almost comical, expression of the marmots has been caught with great felicity. To carry out the zoological details of the scene, a couple of burrowing-owls are introduced—birds, which, as is well-known to keen investigators of prairie life, shelter and niditate in the burrows deserted by the marmots. Another, and less agreeable lodger of the same tenements, has not been forgotten by the artist, for, amid the brilliant masses of some wild prairie-flowers in the left-hand corner of the picture, there is a glimpse to be discerned of the coils of a rattlesnake, with the rattles fully developed. The vegetation in the foreground of the picture is a carefully painted study of the flora peculiar to those wondrous plains, and the feeling of expanse is rendered with very happy effect.

The first of the regular "Artists' Receptions" of the season was given at the galleries of the National Academy of Design on Thursday evening, January 17th. Notwithstanding the state of the weather—for the heaviest snow-storm experienced in New York for ten years past had raged during the day—the conversation was as thronged and as brilliant a one, perhaps, as ever assembled within the walls of the Academy on any similar occasion. The contributed pictures upon the walls were very numerous, and varied in subject and treatment, but to these we shall merely refer, without any attempt to enter upon either description or criticism. A reading room and library have lately been added to the attraction of the Academy rooms.

The new process of photo-sculpture, successfully practiced in Europe for some time past, has been introduced into this country by Messrs. Huston & Kurtz, at whose atelier, No. 895 Broadway, we were lately shown some specimens of the productions obtained by the process. These were, for the most part, portraits—bust, medallion, and statuette. The material used is the French bisque, or porcelain earth, which somewhat resembles Parian marble, or alabaster, in the transparency of its effect. The room in which the photographs are taken is a circular one, in a central point on which a battery of twenty-four cameras bears from the walls. At this point the sitters are placed, upon a platform, so that simultaneous pictures of every portion of the face and figure are obtained. The rest is a matter of calculation. A model in clay is obtained by means of the pentagraph, and from this a mold, castings from which can be obtained to any amount. The statuette of a lady, shown to us by Messrs. Huston & Kurtz, is a work of exquisite finish, every fold of the drapery, every braid and ornament, being rendered with wonderful sharpness and delicacy. As with the negative in the photograph, so with the mold in this process; the obtaining of it is the first and principal expense, and copies of any piece of photo-sculpture can be had at a

comparatively low price after the first has been successfully produced.

There are six paintings by E. H. May, an American artist residing in Paris, at the exhibition of the Wright collection of pictures, in the new Derby gallery. Several of these are copies from the old masters, and, as faithful reproductions, they possess a good deal of merit.

The available space for examples of American art at the coming Paris Exposition is only 1,000 square feet. There are upward of one hundred paintings already contributed by the owners of private galleries, the aggregate value of which is estimated at \$200,000. The pictures will be sent to Europe in charge of Mr. S. P. Avery, a gentleman in every way competent for the task of guarding them and seeing them properly disposed for exhibition.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF FREEMASONRY. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company, No. 432 Broome street.

This work comprises Oliver's Dictionary of Symbolic Masonry, and an extensive supplement consisting of definitions of the technical terms used by the fraternity, illustrated with numerous engravings. The supplement includes an account of the rise and progress of Freemasonry and its kindred associations, ancient and modern. Every subject is treated of with the utmost conciseness, and the whole work is arranged in alphabetical order. It is consequently a very valuable book of reference, and should be in the library of every Freemason.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MASONIC COMPENERS. By SIDNEY HAYDEN. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company.

The greater part of this volume is devoted to a Masonic life of Washington, the incidents in connection with which have been little adverted to by most of his biographers. Many curious documents are transcribed. Brief biographies are also given of twenty of the more distinguished Masons contemporary with Washington. Among them, Benjamin Franklin, Peyton and Edmund Randolph, and General Wooster and Putnam. Numerous engravings, including portraits, add to the value of the work.

THE LAWYER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM. By M. MCN. WALKER. New York: Sherman & Co., 480 Broome street.

A valuable little compendium of the laws of all the States on important educational subjects. It treats in a popular style of the law in relation to school government, religion in schools, punishment by parents and teachers, the right of parents to interfere in school discipline, etc. It should be in the hands of every teacher.

THE MANUAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR 1866 does great credit to the compiler, D. T. Valentine. It is really a beautiful volume. Much has been said about the enormous cost attending its publication; but there is, at any rate, something to show for the money. It is profusely illustrated with fine wood engravings and colored lithographs. The historical portion of the work may be read with great interest.

#### TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

In another column we call attention to the fact that Mr. Linton, who engraved this picture from a sketch, has been engaged exclusively, during his stay in this country, for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This is the first picture entirely from Mr. Linton's hand which we have published, though during the past few weeks many of our illustrations have been improved by his touch. In this picture all conceivable will be pleased with the style of engraving, with the way in which the effects are produced with the least possible work, nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous, but just enough work given to just the points needed. The subject represents a Canadian scene. The desolation of the landscape covered with snow, and bounded by the narrow horizon of a driving storm, the utter loneliness and isolation of such a position, the exhaustion and indecision of the travelers, are all here rendered, and make the composition as effective as the engraving.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

—We alluded last week in another column to the prize founded at Princeton by Mr. Jerome. There is one feature in it which is most commendable, and that is, that the students themselves are made the judges. This introduction of the democratic idea into the government of our colleges is one which is exciting the attention of many of the alumni in the country. It has been tried most successfully in the high school established this winter by the Board of Education. The positions of the teachers is absolutely dependent upon their ability to keep their classes full; and as the attendance is purely voluntary, and the scholars go there really to learn, it is presumed that the teacher who cannot attract scholars to his class has not the faculty for teaching and had better engage in some other employment. The success which has attended the school under this rule is greater than any one expected; and though the indefinite application of the rule has caused some dissensions of teachers who, perhaps, are greatly astonished at such a result, yet the effect is most admirable for the scholars. The exodus among our college professors which such a rule would cause might be astonishing, but would be most beneficial to the colleges as institutions of learning.

—Mrs. Stanton has delivered an address to the State Legislature in favor of extending the right of suffrage to women and negroes as well as to white men. The same subject is before the Parliament in England, seconded by J. S. Mill and his party, and probably will become a law there before it does here, since the absurdities resulting from a restriction of the suffrage is more apparent in England than here.

—A jury in Maine has awarded a verdict of one cent against thirteen men who were sued by a Mr. Morse for damages because they forced him to cheer the American flag when he had said he was glad of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

The amount required for pensions under the bill in Congress is estimated at \$175,500,000.

—Couture, the celebrated French artist, has written a letter to Mr. Marshall expressing his admiration of his engraving of President Lincoln, and expressing a hope that at some time he may have the satisfaction of seeing one of his own pictures interpreted by Mr. Marshall's burin. This is a compliment to American art, which is really a matter of congratulation.

—The drawing of the grand Crosby Opera House Lottery took place on the 23d of January. A Mr. Lee, who lives out in the very far West, and had bought only one ticket, drew the first prize. It is a difficult question for gamblers whether the pleasure derived by the fortunate one in a lottery equals the aggregate of disappointment distributed among the many.

—The question of bridging the East and North Rivers has been revived by the recent impossibility of making the trip in the ferry-boats under some hours. It is useless to say, however, now that the ocean has been bridged by the Atlantic Telegraph.

—The Legislature of Maryland has abolished the sale of negroes for jail dues, thus placing them on the same basis with the whites, and effectually stopping the small hole which, despite the Emancipation Proclamation, seemed to bid fair to restore slavery to the old empire. It would be a serious question, were it not for the fact that the Legislature of Maryland has abolished the same course.

—Judge Whiting has written what may, perhaps, be called a defense of his failure to clean the streets. He says that Boston is smaller than New York and therefore it is easier to clean it. This is evident, but then the reason why New York is larger, is because there are more people here, and consequently more people are on the spot to assist in the cleaning. The perspiration of the letter is a high-flown statement of the grandeur of the city. It is pretty, but has not, as far as we know, had any effect in remedying the disgraceful condition of the streets.

—Mr. C. L. Vallandigham writes a friend, who asks his opinion concerning the political situation, that he is confining himself to the study of his profession, and is contented just now "to look on in politics, and await with faith and patience the work of time, the corrector and avenger." As, however, he makes a suggestion for the "representative men of the Democratic party to establish a daily newspaper at Washington for the expression of their views," it would seem that his contentment has not yet entirely extinguished his hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt.

#### Foreign.

—In the Palazzo Spini, at Florence, under the regime of the new Government, there has been opened a hall of matrimony, in which the civil contract of marriage is performed without any fees, except for the stamp upon the certificate. The hall is splendidly furnished, the ceiling being frescoed with angels and other symbols of the heavenly joys of the paradise of marriage. The institution excites great attention among the peasants, and is one of the lions of Florence, a usual entertainment being to go and see the ceremony performed.

—It is proposed to place a bronze statue of Shakespeare in the Temple Gardens, upon the portion opening on the new quay now building from the Houses of Parliament to London Bridge. The situation will be one of the finest possible, since just at this point will be one of the finest spots in London for richly suggestive historical associations.

—Mr. John Bright has responded to the slander of a Mr. Garth, Queen's Counsel and Member of Parliament, concerning this honorable gentleman's attacks upon Mr. Bright's private character in his relations with his workmen. Mr. Bright closes the correspondence as follows: "On a review of your speech and your letter I come to this conclusion: that you wished to get into Parliament, and were not particular as to the path which might lead to it. You threw dirt during the canvass, doubtless knowing that, if useful, you could eat it afterward. There are many men who go 'through dirt to dignities,' and I suspect you have no objection to be one of them."

—The official report goes to show that at least one million of men have died in India of starvation. What a terrible comment upon the English management of that country. At the same time that this report comes we have also accounts of a broad riot in Liverpool. These contrasts of miserable poverty and inordinate wealth are the most striking things that meet the thoughtful traveler in England; and, in fact, it is to be the tendency of modern civilization everywhere. The rich become richer and the poor poorer. That this is, however, not the original end of human society can not be doubted. There is work enough for all to do, and the desire to work is as inherent in mankind as the necessity. Modern science and decent attention to cleanliness have abolished the plagues which, less than two centuries ago, were supposed to be divine visitations and impossible to prevent. The social plagues of poverty is no more a divine dispensation, and can be abolished quite as effectually by a similar application of the right means.

—It is thought that a volcano in the moon, called Linné, situated on the Mare Serenitatis, is now in a condition of eruption. It appears obscured to the astronomers, and they attribute this effect to the smoke.

—The collections made by Mr. Joseph Mayratt, the author of various works upon pottery, are advertised for sale at auction in London. The collection comprises numerous illustrated books, and a great many rare and fine specimens of old pottery and articles of vertu.

—Mr. Spedding, the editor of the last edition of Bacon's works, has published a book concerning the relations of authors and publishers, in which he takes the ground that publishers are quite a supernumerary class, and authors can get along quite as well without them. In the work, Mr. Spedding expresses his astonishment that none of the magazines would take the matter of the book as an article, nor would any publisher issue it, so that he publishes it himself.

—During the recent war the officers of the Prussian army were billeted upon the inhabitants of Frankfurt, when the army was in possession of that city, and the rule was made and enforced that each officer should be furnished with his lodgings, board and eight cigars daily by his unwilling host. The rule about the eight cigars was the most obnoxious one, and ranted most in the breasts of the money-changing Frankfurters. Recently the "Merchant of Venice" was represented in the theatre at Frankfurt, and when the judge asked Shylock what was his demand against the merchant, and the answer, "a pound of flesh," was given, some one in the audience cried out, "and eight cigars." The applause with which this interpretation was received so incensed the Prussian officers, that they cleared the house and stopped the performance.

#### THE DRUIDS AS DOCTORS.

THE Druids were the only physicians and surgeons to the Britons in which professions they blended some knowledge of natural medicines with the general superstitions by which they were characterized. The practice of the healing art has ever commanded the esteem of the rudest nations; hence it was the obvious policy of the priests or Druids to study the properties of plants. Their famous Mistletoe, or *All-heal*, we have seen, was a cure in many diseases, an antidote to poisons, and a sure remedy against infection. We have in the present day a popular remedy for cuts and other wounds, sold under the name of *Heal-all*. Another plant, called *Samulus*, or *Marah-wort*, which grew chiefly in damp places, was believed to be of excellent effect in preserving the health of swine or oxen, when it had been bruised and put into their water-troughs. But it was required to be gathered fasting and with the left hand, without looking back when it was being plucked. A kind of hedge hyssop, called *Scilage*, was esteemed to be a general charm and preservative from sudden accidents and misfortunes; and it was to be gathered with nearly the same ceremony as the mistletoe. To these may be added *Vervain*, the herb *Briarion*, which was either the great Water-dock, or scurvy-grass; besides several other plants, the virtues of which, however, were greatly augmented by the rites in plucking them; superstitions not entirely out of use while the old herbs were regarded as books of medicine. We gather from Pliny's "Natural History" some hints on the preparation of these materials, showing that sometimes the juices were extracted by bruising and steeping them in cold water, and sometimes by boiling them; that they were occasionally infused in a liquor which he calls wine; that they were administered in fumigations, and that the dried leaves, stalks and roots of plants, were also used to impart a virtue to various liquids. The almost solitary shop of the herbalist in the great market in Covent Garden will thus carry the mind's eye back through many centuries.

It appears that the Druids prepared ointments and salves from vegetables. Of their surgery nothing is certainly known, though much has been conjectured of their acquaintance with anatomy, from the barbarity of their human sacrifices; but it is probable that their practice extended only to the plainer branches of the art, as healing of wounds, setting of fractured bones, reducing dislocations etc.; all which were perhaps conducted with great rudeness, though with considerable decency. It has been asserted that one of the Druid doctors, called *Hierophilus*, read lectures on the bodies of upward of seven hundred living men, to display the wonders and secrets of the human fabric.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



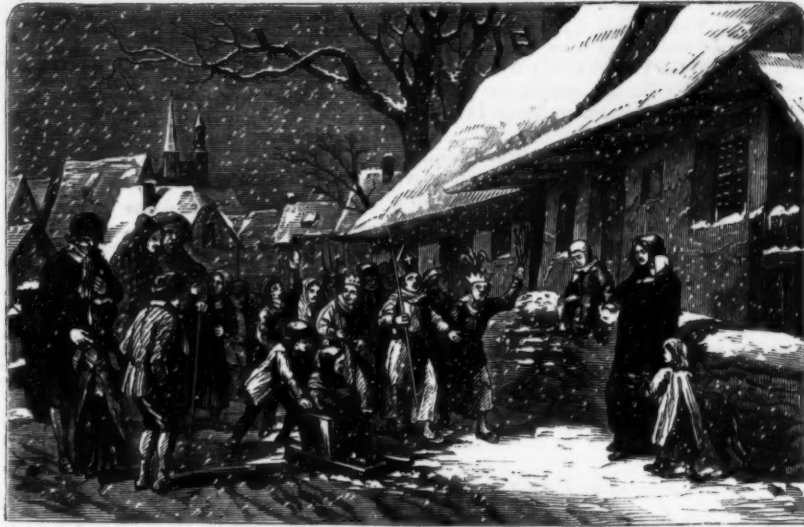
THEIR MAJESTIES THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS VISITING THE WORKS AT TROCADERO, PARIS.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

## The French Emperor and Empress Visiting the Works at Trocadero.

These works are a portion of the undertaking having

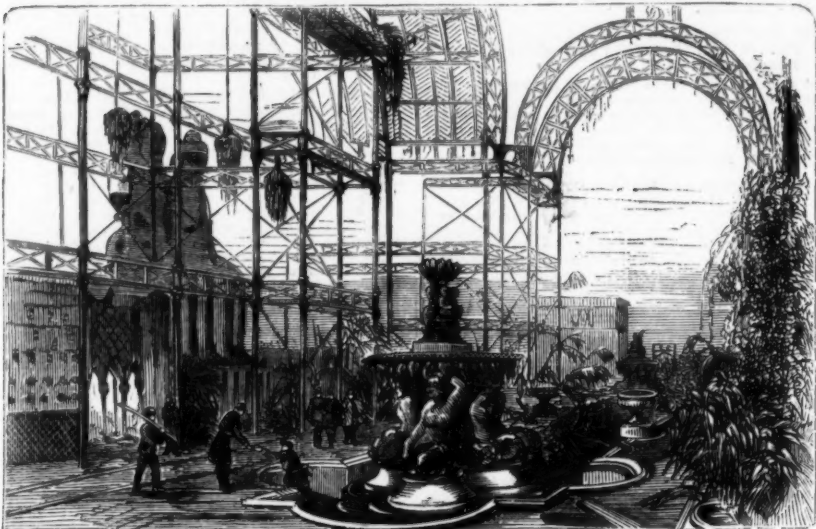
contractors for this work at Trocadero, which is a local name for one of the quarters of Paris, considering their contract as a sort of sinecure, and carrying it out as the contracts in this city for cleaning the streets or extending the Battery are. It would be simply impossible for such bare-faced neglect to take place in Paris. To be sure in gaining in this direction much is lost in another:



THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE KINGS IN THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS, GERMANY.

the Crystal Palace. The damage is estimated at about a million and a half of dollars. The insurance upon the entire palace is only four hundred thousand dollars, and of this only about one hundred thousand is applicable to the parts destroyed. The rapidity with which buildings of this kind burn, when once the fire acquires headway, makes it surprising that in this case

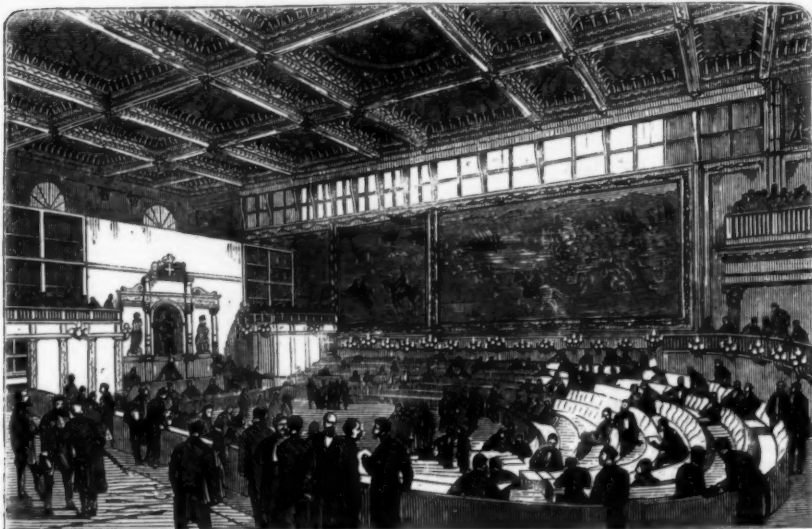
Hall of the Five Hundred, in the Palazzo Vecchio (the Old Palace), at Florence, which was built about three hundred and fifty years ago for the meetings of the General Assembly of the people of Florence, at the time when the old civic commonwealth, under the dictatorship of Savonarola, was struggling to maintain its independence against the intrigues



FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM—RUINS OF THE TROPICAL DEPARTMENT.



THE BURIAL OF THE POOR IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.



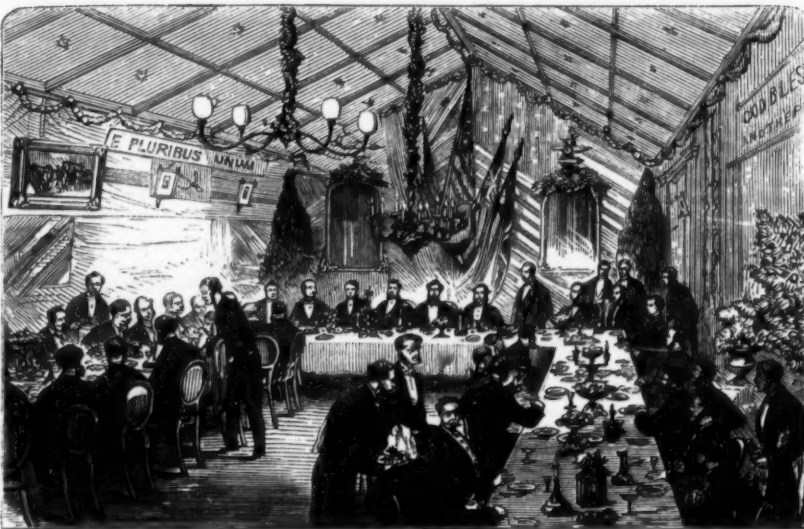
THE ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

for their object the improvement and embellishment of Paris. The hill seen in the illustration is to be removed. It is most admirable in some respects to have a head to the State who can and will see that the material interests of the public are carried out. Imagine the

but the problem is to combine the advantages of both a despotism and a republic.

## The Effects of the Fire at the Crystal Palace.

This illustration shows the effect of the fire at



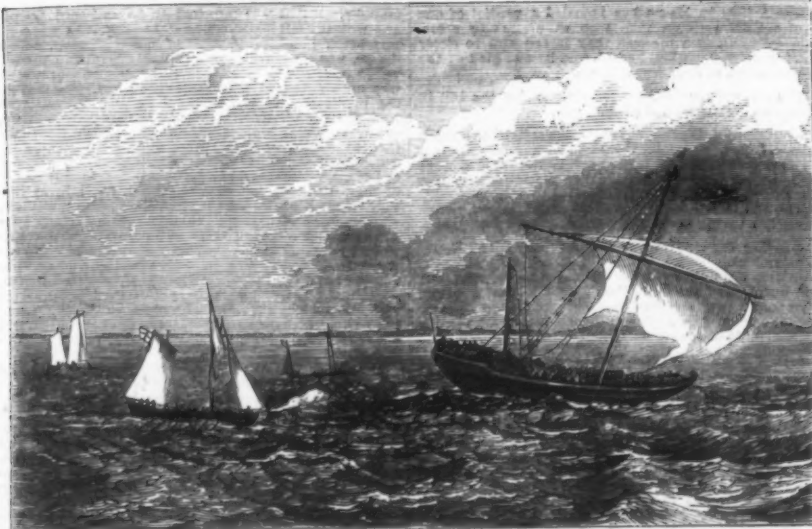
BANQUET GIVEN TO THE AMERICAN YACHTSMEN AT COWES, ENGLAND.

the flames were arrested before they had destroyed the entire structure.

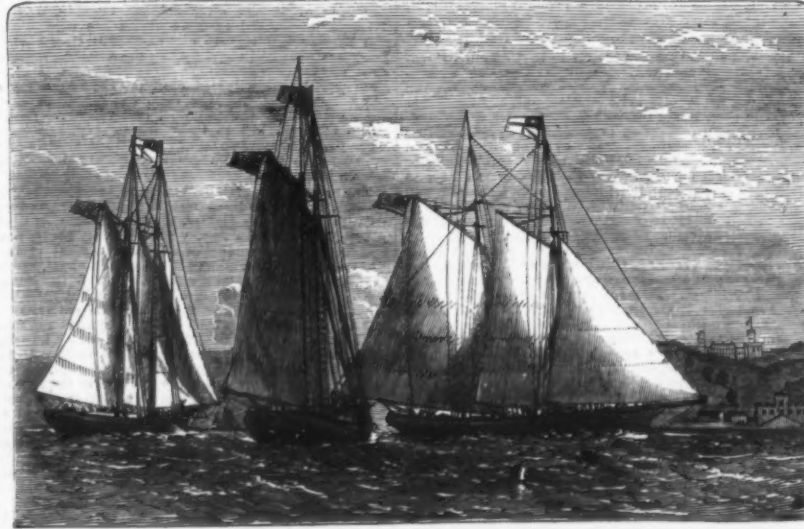
## The Italian Chamber of Deputies at Florence, Italy.

This Chamber of Deputies holds its meetings in the

of the Medici family, of the Pope, and of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe. The associations connected with Florence as the bold defender of the principles of popular liberty during the Middle Ages, and as the birthplace of so many illustrious Italians



CAPTURE OF A SLAVE DHOW BY THE BOATS OF H. M. S. LYRA, ON THE WEST COAST OF MADAGASCAR.



THE AMERICAN YACHTS SALUTING HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA OFF OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



make it the fittest place for the capital of the new Italian constitutional kingdom, and the Palazzo Vecchio is the most appropriate building in Florence for the meeting of the Deputies. The hall has been fitted up with benches, desks, chairs of state for the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Quæstors, and Members of the Chamber, and a throne for the King when he comes to deliver his speech at the opening of the sessions. There are also galleries for foreign ambassadors, ladies, reporters, and strangers. The fresco paintings on the walls are mostly by Vasari, and represent the wars of the ancient Florentine Republic.

#### Capture of a Slave Dhow by the Boats of the Lyra on the West Coast of Madagascar.

This illustration represents a scene of the capture, on the west coast of Madagascar, of a native slave ship, called a dhow, by the boat of the English war vessel the Lyra, Commodore R. A. Parr. When the dhow was sighted, the wind was fortunately slight, so that the boats of the Lyra, manned by the seamen, were able to overtake her. She surrendered without resistance, and was found to be loaded with 176 slaves and with a crew of twenty-three Arabs. She had come from the coast of Africa, and was captured off Cape St. Andrew. The voyage of not more than 250 miles had on account of the light winds occupied five days, a much longer period than usual, so that the poor creatures had been exposed to great suffering. They were men, women and children, and the majority being entirely naked, and the weather being unusually cold, they nearly all had caught coughs or colds, and were so almost starved that it was wonderful how they had existed so long. Six of them died from exhaustion, but the remainder, by



THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO EDWIN BOOTH BY HIS FRIENDS, ON TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 22ND, AT THE WINTER GARDEN, N. Y.

proper attention and abundant food, recovered, and were returned to Africa.

#### The Festival of the Three Kings in the Hartz Mountains.

This illustration represents one of the traditions so common in the Hartz country. It is a procession in honor of the advent of the Three Kings, as they are called in Germany, or the Magi, as we know them, who, following the star, came to adore the infant Saviour. This visit is supposed to have occurred on the eighth day after his birth, or New Year's day, which is the eighth day from Christmas. The Hartz mountains are the seat of most of the traditions which play so important a part in the life of the German nation, and have had so marked an influence upon their literature.

#### Burial of the Poor at Seville, Spain.

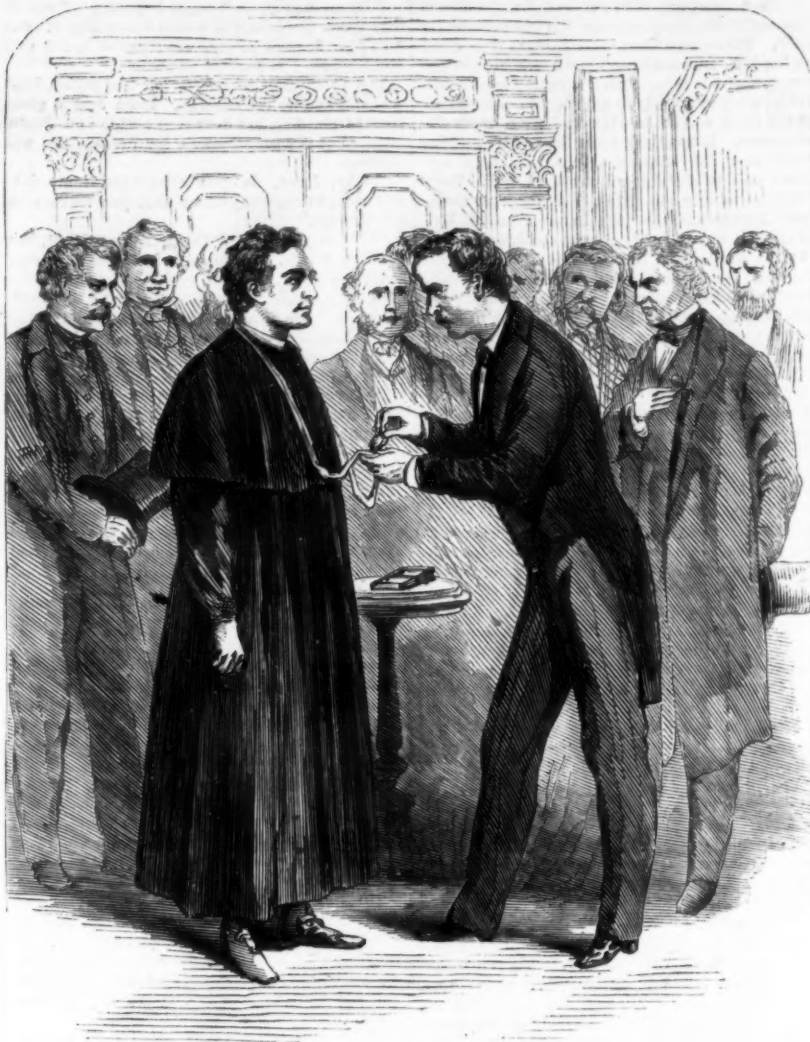
This forcible illustration by Gustave Doré represents a scene frequently seen in Seville—the burial at night of the poor. A cheap wooden coffin is placed upon an ordinary cart drawn by a horse, at full trot, and preceded by a procession of the poor, who carry lanterns, and are headed by one of their number bearing a cross. The whole procession moves at the fastest possible pace, as though engaged in a business which they desire to perform with the greatest expedition. Such a scene is just the one as would strike the grotesque imagination of Doré, and he has cast a fantastic air over it, which heightens the lugubrious effect of the purpose in which these weird figures are engaged.

#### The Yachts Saluting Her Majesty Queen Victoria off Osborne House, Isle of Wight.

This illustration of the yachts sailing past Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, shows the interest taken in the ocean race by the Queen, since it was at her request that this trip was made. It is also reported that it was at the Queen's request that her son, Prince Alfred, accepted the general challenge offered by Mr. Bennett. Now that the Queen has manifested so much interest in the yachts, we shall probably see this style of sporting become as popular as Tom Thumb did years ago in England, from the fact that her majesty took an interest in him, or as universal as the wearing of balmorals became when it was clearly understood that her majesty actually wore one. With such a power to influence the prevailing fashion and taste, it is a pity that the Queen could not become interested in literature, art, science, government or something that might tend to lessen the fearful sufferings of poverty in England, or give the middle class a higher ideal of life than the snobbery now so universal. But to expect anything from a sovereign of the house of Hanover except a strict attention to etiquette and a sharp observance of their private pecuniary interests would perhaps be folly.

#### Banquet to the American Yachtsmen at Cowes.

This banquet was given by the town of Cowes at the Gloucester Hotel to the yachtsmen of the vessels in the recent race, and to Commodore McVicker, of the New York Yacht Club. The yachtsmen were first entertained by the Royal Yacht Squadron in their own house, and this public banquet was given subsequently. The hall was draped with the American and English flags, and the President was toasted with the Queen; speeches most complimentary and responses most satisfactory were made by all hands, and the whole affair passed off in the most enthusiastic way.

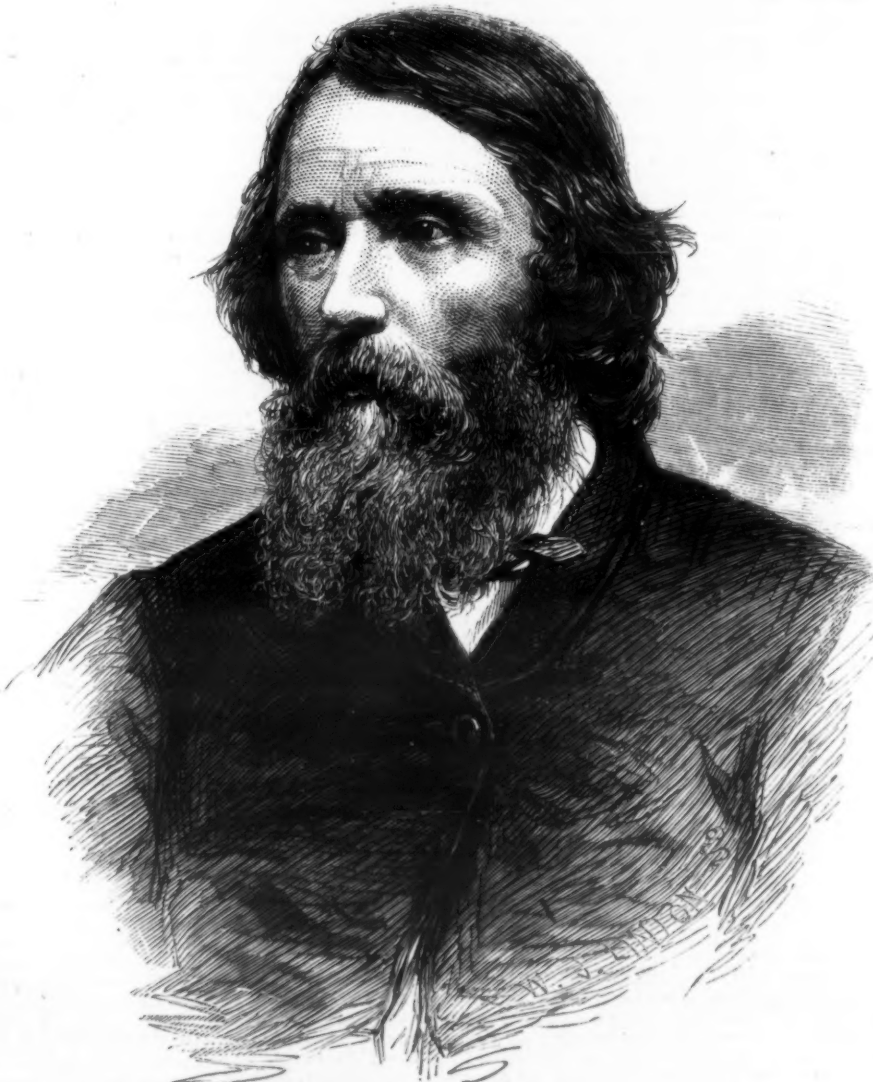


PRESENTATION OF A GOLD MEDAL TO MR. EDWIN BOOTH AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, N. Y., TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 22D.

#### Presentation of a Gold Medal to Edwin Booth.

We give an illustration this week of the presentation of a gold medal to Mr. Edwin Booth, by his admirers, in celebration of the fact that he has played the part of Hamlet one hundred consecutive nights in this city. At the close of the performance on Tuesday, the 22d of January, the committee appeared upon the stage, and the chairman, Mr. Fullerton, with a few appropriate remarks, suspended the medal round

Mr. Booth's neck. Mr. Booth was dressed as Hamlet, in the student's gown he wears in the early portions of the play, and spoke a few words in reply, which were touchingly sincere. The occasion had attracted a crowded house, and the whole affair passed off very pleasantly. We give also illustrations of the front and reverse of the medal, which is of gold, and of the same size as our illustrations. Its emblematic ornaments are all in good taste and appropriate.



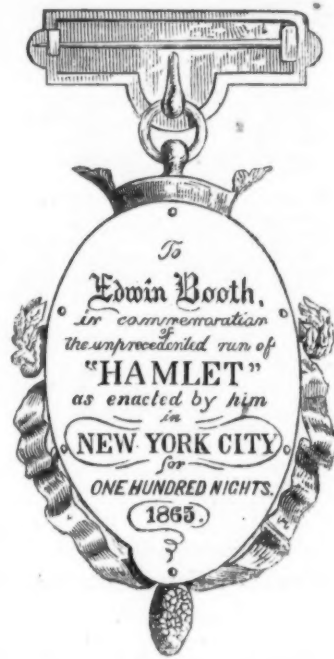
W. J. LINTON, THE DISTINGUISHED WOOD ENGRAVER, ARTIST, AND AUTHOR.

#### W. J. Linton, the Celebrated Engraver.

WHAT the actor does for the dramatist, the engraver does for the artist, interpreting, more or less successfully, the silent thought and the dead wood into life and visible beauty. We all know what Shakespeare said of the mouthing players who murdered his magnificent lines—that he would as lief have had the town-crier bawl them; and, in like manner, how many an artist has groaned over the bungling manner in which his delicate fancies have been rendered by the engraver.

Few would suspect what a rarity a really great engraver is. Indeed, a first-class engraver is more scarce than a first-class artist; and the reason is evident, since he must, in addition to his mechanical skill, possess that intuitive taste which constitutes the chief excellence of the artist. It is only those who are daily accustomed to see the artist's work before it goes into the hands of the engraver, and who narrowly examine it afterward, can appreciate the power and delicacy which a great engraver can throw into the sketch of even a commonplace artist.

Those who think that engraving is a mere mechanical avocation know little of the strides which this art has taken during the last ten or fifteen years. Then the greater number of illustrations published were simply woodcuts, depicting with more or less fidelity various scenes, some of which really required the caption beneath to define what they intended to represent. Now almost every picture in our ILLUSTRATED PAPER is really and



REVERSE VIEW OF GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

truly a work of art well worthy of a frame. Let a careful observer study some of the illustrations in FRANK LESLIE'S and the London Illustrated News, and he cannot fail to be struck with the force and delicacy of their workmanship.

Few persons are aware what a very costly thing a wood engraving is—the care and elaboration it requires; an inadvertent scratch or a line the thousandth part of an inch too heavy is sufficient to mar the effect of an otherwise beautiful engraving.

For instance, observe what delicacy of touch it requires to give that life-like appearance to a portrait, and what an almost miraculous sleight-of-hand it takes to produce those spiritual outlines which constitute the beauty of the feminine face. It must be remembered the artist can rub his work out—a little indiarubber obliterates a false line; not so the engraver—his touch is irrevocable.

Mr. W. J. Linton, whose portrait we publish to-day, is confessedly the most eminent engraver now living. He cannot be said to belong to any particular school, but has, by his own artistic ability and technical knowledge, founded one of his own, using them, in turn, as the case requires. Some engravers excel in bold, dashing effects; others in delicate elaboration; but Mr. Linton combines these apparently discordant excellencies. We are happy to announce that we have made an arrangement with this distinguished artist, which secures to this establishment his valuable services. As he will remain here several months, our readers will have many opportunities of admiring the sentiment, power and grace which he infuses into everything he touches.

William James Linton, engraver, artist, poet, political writer and editor, was born in London in 1812, and in his sixteenth year was apprenticed to Mr. Bonner, a well-known engraver on wood. In 1842 he entered into partnership with Orrin Smith, the leading engraver of the British metropolis, and was engaged with him on the most important works published in the Illustrated London News. In his earlier days he was a zealous politician and became a leading Chartist. This brought him into intimate relations with Mazzini and all the revolutionary spirits of the age. With his characteristic energy, he spoke, lectured and wrote with good effect in the cause of Humanity. In 1844 he was concerned with Mazzini in bringing before Parliament the opening of that brilliant exile's letters by that model of mean despots, Sir James Graham. In 1848 he was deputed to carry to the French Provisional Government the first congratulatory address of English workmen.

In 1851 he was one of the founders of the Leader newspaper, but he soon withdrew from it, owing to a want of sympathy with its principles. In 1855 he became manager and editor of the Pen and Pencil, and was for several years a regular poetical contributor to



**The Irish Nation.** He has also contributed many able articles to the *Westminster Review*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Leader*, &c. He is the author of a "Life of Thomas Paine," and of various poems and translations. He likewise wrote three volumes of the "English Republic," the sum of which is to establish a republican party in England. As an engraver his principal works are the illustrations to a history of wood engraving, and a series of works of deceased British artists, issued in 1860 by the Art Union of London. His latest works are the illustrations, from his own sketches, to the "English Lake Country" (the text of which is by his wife); and a volume of miscellaneous "Poems," the illustrations also from his own designs.

In 1858 he married Miss Eliza Lynn, daughter of the Vicar of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, and granddaughter of the Bishop of Carlisle. This lady is herself eminent in the world of letters as the authoress of "Asah the Egyptian," "Amyone; a Romance of the Age of Pericles," and "Realities; a Story of Modern Life." She is also a valued and extensive contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Her "Watch Stories" is also a very popular work in England.

#### MUSIC.

SWEET as strain of fairy harp  
Doth the voice of music roll,  
Swelling tides of nameless joy  
Rise within my raptured soul,  
Burning thoughts upon me crowd,  
Which no words can fitly speak,  
Thoughts my soul can only tell  
By the tears upon my cheek.

Earth is filled with varied sounds—  
From the storm that wildly raves  
To the perfumed breeze that wakes  
Fairy tunes mid summer leaves;  
Sound of gently gliding stream,  
Sound of wild wave's ceaseless moan—  
Seizing each with wondrous grasp,  
Music makes them all her own.

Prompting feeling's trembling tear,  
Soothing sorrow's weary sigh,  
Breathing sweetness in the ear,  
Kindling light in poet's eye,  
Sweetly speaking burning thoughts,  
Which to picture words were cold,  
Giving voice to rapturous dreams  
Which might else have passed untold.

Winged words that poets speak  
Breathe in grand harmonious roll,  
Mind by words doth speak to mind,  
But by music soul to soul.  
Words are weak—ah! bring the lyre,  
Twined around with festive wreaths,  
Music's voice alone can tell  
All the bliss that music breathes.

CLIO.

### The Haunted House Among the Mountains.

"MYSTERIES! why yes, Lena, I am particularly fond of anything bordering upon the mysterious; but then, upon my word, I am dreadfully timid; and if I conclude to spend the summer at that out-of-the-way place, I shall desire a large party."

"Well, there are ten already who have promised to go with us, and I haven't the least doubt but the house will be filled. But the idea of a haunted house is so supremely ridiculous, that I am almost provoked with myself for listening to the stories that have been told me. I believe everything we see or hear in this world is explainable by natural and philosophical principles, and it does savor so strongly of the old time superstition and witchcraft, that I haven't any patience with the people who so foolishly and ignorantly retail such nonsense." And Lena Stockbridge leaned back in her chair and drummed on the window-pane with her little fingers, as much as to say, "What consummate fools people are to be imposed upon in such a ridiculous manner," and she snapped her fingers defiantly, saying to her companion:

"I'll bet you the new pony papa has just bought me against a fall hat that I will penetrate the whole mystery, and convince the most credulous that there is no supernatural agency connected with it."

There was evidently no timidity about this splendid-looking young woman. She was rather above the medium height, but with an unusually symmetrical figure; dark eyes, large and glowing with intelligence; hair dark brown, curling in short ringlets all about her finely shaped head; face oval; complexion clear; small, beautifully molded hands and feet completed a *tout ensemble* which was unusually attractive.

Her companion, Emma Hunt, was exactly the opposite in every quality, physical and mental. She was very fair; form petite; eyes blue as the azure above; extremely delicate in appearance, and possessing a warm, affectionate disposition which endeared her to all her friends. She lacked Lena's decision and fearlessness, but made it up in love and sympathy.

The place they had decided to spend the summer months in was a beautiful, picturesque retreat among the mountains; the house was a large, curiously built chateau, with winding staircases, and any quantity of dark passages and curiously contrived rooms. It had been the abode of an eccentric old man who had planned and built the mansion to suit his own peculiar taste, and the neighbors declared that his wife and four children had disappeared very suddenly, no one ever having seen them leave the house, and no one ever having been buried from there except the old man, and his remains were deposited in one corner of a large meadow at his particular request. He left one son, his name was Christopher Green, the only surviving child, and the only relative the old hermit seemed to have in the world. Christopher opened the house for boarders during the warm weather, and the strange stories which had been circulated about it drew a much larger number of people than the charming location could ever have done.

It was a gay party that set out for the Green Mansion, as the haunted house was more familiarly called. There was Lena and Emma, Bob Hunt and his wife, Carrie Bidwell and her beau, George Compton, and several others, counting in all about twenty, each one ready to enjoy to the utmost all the fun there was to be extracted from every circumstance. It was dark when they arrived at the house, and the sensitive Emma shivered and turned pale as she entered the dark hall. They were ushered into a quaint-looking drawing-room, where the carved mahogany furniture stood bolt against the wall; the carpet was sombre too; but a bright fire burned in the grate—for although June, and suffocatingly hot in the city, there, among the mountains, a fire was comfortable morning and evening, and threw a cheerful light over the weird-looking place. The candelabras over the mantel-piece flashed a bright welcome to the tired travelers. Christopher did the honors in true gentlemanly style, and made himself very agreeable in his description of the place, its romantic surroundings, the facilities for riding and bathing; and when tea was announced, almost all the party were charmed with their host. Every luxury that the country could furnish was spread before them, and Bob Hunt, epicurean almost in his tastes, expressed himself more than satisfied. After tea they were shown to their rooms. Emma and Lena were to occupy the same apartment, and although Emma very much desired more company, yet she dared not say so for fear of exposing herself to Lena's ridicule. Good-nights were said, and the girls paired off, and were soon discussing their different ideas and opinions. Says Emma, as she unbraided her long wavy hair:

"What a splendid-looking fellow that Mr. Green is! Then he is so gentlemanly and refined. I declare I am almost smitten with him."

"The dickens run away with you for a little fool, Emma Hunt! Are you no better reader of character than that? I absolutely hate him. What can you see to admire in that low, receding brow and flat head—those small, black, deep-set eyes and thin, compressed lips? I believe he is the very devil himself."

"Oh, Lena, you are the strangest girl! You are very much to blame in placing so much faith in first impressions. My motto is to believe every man an honest one until you find him out to be a rogue. Yours must be the opposite. But do you not feel a little timid, Lena?" as she saw her companion carefully bolt the doors and windows, look into the closet, and finally place the little night-lamp into the fire-place.

"No; I am not a little timid," said Lena, sarcastically. "I am afraid of no ghost or hobgoblin; but, if I am at all apprehensive of danger, it is from your cavalier—the man whom you have become so smitten with."

Emma laughed, and the two girls said their prayers, and in a few moments slept the sweet sleep of innocence. They were quite surprised when the sound of the iron bell awoke them, and as the morning sun poured his cheering, life-giving rays in upon them as they made their bewitching breakfast toilets, Emma laughed heartily at the idea of ever having been afraid. The prospect was glorious; rich fields and meadows on one side, vegetation in every form before them, and the mountains towering in the distance, filled them both with delight and enthusiasm. Everybody congratulated everybody at the breakfast-table upon their improved looks, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell." Christopher seemed to be very much attached to the shy, sensitive Emma, and she listened to his conversation with an unusual degree of interest, and Lena watched and drew her own inferences. They had music and dancing in the evening, picnics and mountain excursions each pleasant day, and fun and frolic prevailed.

One evening they had concluded to have some reading, and Lena was chosen to read some selections from Mrs. Browning. She had a fine voice and charmingly modulated, and she threw her whole soul into the expression. Emma sat a little one side, and on the same divan was Lena's aversion, Christopher Green. Lena had just finished the "Lady of Shiloh," when George Compton arose with a start from his rocking-chair by the fire, saying:

"By George! I must have lost my pocket-book."

The night before Bob Hunt and his wife had been kept awake nearly all night by little, gentle taps which seemed to come from the corner of the room nearest the door, but all attempts to discover what they proceeded from were useless. They concluded not to speak of the affair, for fear of exposing themselves to ridicule, and Mrs. Hunt had just been dreading the idea of retiring, when George electrified them with this announcement. George was immediately overwhelmed with questions.

"Did you take it with you this afternoon?"

"How much had you?" and five hundred similar interrogatories.

"I think I must have had it with me. I had no occasion to use any money, however, so I can't tell. I always put it with my watch and pistol under my pillow at nights. I had over five hundred dollars, by Jove! More than a fellow cares to lose at one time, especially when he is so far from home."

"George, stop a moment and think," said Lena, in her calm, decided manner. "Do you remember taking it from under your pillow this morning?"

"No, I don't," replied he. "Upon my word, I haven't the slightest recollection of any incident concerning it. If I have dropped it among the bushes there is little chance of my ever finding it. But, never mind, boys. You must furnish me with funds till we get home."

"Wouldn't it be as well, Mr. Compton," broke in the gentlemanly voice of our host, "to go to your room and have a search? I should be extremely annoyed to have such an accident occur on my premises. My servants are all trustworthy, as far as my experience goes; but if you are not successful in finding it, I will have them all searched."

"By no means, sir," replied George; "not for fifty times five hundred would I be guilty of such a thing. I shall always attribute it to my own carelessness; so dismiss all anxiety."

The room was searched, but the pocket-book was still among the missing. Lena had a great time barricading her door that night, and Emma laughed at the preparations for defense she was making.

"Why, Lena, do you apprehend more danger to-night than any other that you make such a fussing?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Emma Hunt, in a very few words. I think this is a den of thieves and cut-throats, and the gentlemanly villain who does the planning and contriving, and a fair share of the work, is your adorer, Christopher Green; and I think, too, the sooner we leave this diabolical establishment the safer our lives will be."

Emma thought her friend was losing her senses, but her remarks, joined with her excited behavior, had the effect to keep her awake long after Lena was dreaming. The wind howled mournfully around the house, and Emma could compare it to nothing save the wail of some departed spirit; and as the moonlight lit up the meadow, and threw an uncertain light upon the white marble headstone where the ashes of Christopher's father reposed, she could stand it no longer, and awoke Lena, who slept as peacefully as an infant in its mother's arms.

"Oh, dear, Lena, I have got so nervous. What with the wind and the moonlight, and the strange noises in the hall, I am nearly frantic."

Lena was wide awake and listening in a moment. Just then came a succession of shrieks, so shrill and heartrending, that both girls sprang from their bed in an agony of terror, and removed the numerous obstructions and looked out into the dark winding passage. Bob came hurrying along with a lighted candle in his hand, thinking it must be either Emma or Lena in distress, and in a few moments the party were all together. It was only about two o'clock, and after some deliberation they separated, a few quite jubilant over the excitement, but the majority of the company having an intense desire to get away as soon as possible. Nothing more was heard, and the morning sun again enlivened and cheered, and they were able to discuss the noise at the breakfast-table quite philosophically, while Christopher wondered that he had not heard any unusual sound.

"But," said he, "you were all perfectly aware of the reputation the house had acquired before you came, and I supposed you had made up your minds firmly not to be annoyed or surprised by anything you might see or hear. Why, the party we had here last summer were perfectly delighted, and the more stirring the adventures the more fun; and if a day and night passed without some fresh incident, they were actually ennuied."

The party laughed, and concluded they would not be betrayed into another fright under any circumstances, and decided not to think of returning until the season was spent. All seemed satisfied, except Lena; but she concluded to quiet her apprehensions and remain as passive as possible. But she was ill at ease, and very nervously made preparations for passing the next night; but they were not disturbed; and Christopher, always courteous and attentive, seemed to redouble his efforts for his guests' comfort.

Another week passed, and nothing unusual occurred. The raps which had so startled Bob Hunt and his wife were now distinctly audible in all parts of the house, but the shrieks had not since been heard, and there was quite enough excitement about these little queer taps to furnish subject for amusement and conversation. There had been several mountain rambles, which had always proved delightful, and now they were about planning another, which they intended should be on a more elaborate scale than either of the preceding ones. Christopher had made extensive preparations for the feast, which was to be eaten in the wildest and most picturesque locality the country afforded.

The morning dawned gloriously, and all were astir early. Lena found, on attempting to dress herself, that she should not be able to rise, for her head ached violently, and she was so dizzy that the least effort nauseated her; and feeling sure that her old enemy, the sick headache, had invaded the castle, she reluctantly gave up all idea of accompanying the party, and told Emma to be sure and not mention her illness so that any remarks could be made about it, and if she was compelled to remain home alone, she would very much prefer that Christopher Green should not know it, if it could possibly be avoided. Her horror of him actually amounted to a mania, so intense was it. If he spoke a few words to her in his polished, gentlemanly tones, cold chills would creep over her and a death-like perspiration start out, which she herself could hardly account for. Lizzie and Bob came to see her before they started, and offered to remain with her through the day, but she firmly declined depriving them of their anticipated fun.

Emma, however, could not be induced to leave Lena. She felt that it was not proper to leave her quite alone, and Lena's protestations and entreaties were entirely disregarded. Emma watched the departure from the window, and saw them all enter the carriages, and after they were seated Christopher drove out of the yard in a one-seated vehicle with a strange gentleman for a companion.

"Your terror has gone with the party, Lena," said Emma, "so we have nothing to fear. It is so incomprehensible to me that you, who are so entirely free from all nervousness, should have taken so thorough a dislike to a man who seems the perfect gentleman at all times and under all circumstances."

"Oh, yes; I know it is peculiar, but don't let's talk about the rascal, for my head is splitting now," replied Lena, irritably.

The day passed away very slowly to the girls,

and no one must have known they were in the house for no summons reached them for dinner; and Emma nibbled away at some bonbons to satisfy her hunger, for Lena nervously persisted that she should not go down-stairs for fear that Christopher might have returned, and would in some manner annoy them. Emma thought it dreadfully foolish, and after reading until she was tired, threw herself on the bed by the side of Lena, and was soon sound asleep. Lena's headache was considerably relieved; and she bathed, made her toilet and then looked about her for some way to while away the time until the return of the pleasure-seekers. There had not been a sound or a footfall in the passage by her room during the whole day; and she had listened, too, with a great deal of apprehension, but the day was so near gone and no sign of anything unpleasant, that she began to grow braver and call herself a simpleton for indulging in such foolish fancies. She had noticed several times on her way to and from her room an apartment which seemed to be part picture-gallery and part store-room, and she thought as Emma was asleep she would venture to take a look at the pictures, and amuse herself for a few moments. It was a long-shaped room, and gave evidence of having been a great while neglected, for the dust was thick, and big black spiders crawled around in every nook and corner. There were some very fine portraits; one of a woman, dressed in old-fashioned style, but with a face so ravishingly beautiful that Lena was almost spell-bound. She made her way in and out among old barrels, and trunks, and ancient furniture, until she came to the northern extremity of the old house, and where the room was much narrower than at the entrance. She observed here a beautiful landscape which she thought was an original by Claude Lorraine, for the tints were so warm and bright, and the sun setting away among the beautiful hills was so vividly portrayed, that she instinctively turned to open the window in order to let in a more favorable light, but was deterred from so doing by the sound of voices in a room adjoining, principal among which was the well-known tones of Christopher Green.

"How much longer are they going to remain, Green?" she heard a strange voice asking.

"Not more than two weeks, and what we do we must do quickly," said Christopher.

"They are a pretty wide-awake set, I reckon. That haul of the five hundred put them on their guard! D—n you! can't you stop your noise!" said the stranger, to a woman who seemed to be muttering to herself incoherently, and who Lena thought must be insane. "They must have considerable money about them, and it isn't best to let 'em carry a red cent of it away. If they make any resistance a little chloroform will settle them."

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Christopher, musingly; "but after the tragic performance of last season, it wouldn't do to have another victim to heart disease. Ha, ha! that was a joke. I have been telling that credulous fool of a Compton this morning about an extensive robbery that was committed around here a short time ago, and advised him to be very careful where he kept his valuables, and also to caution the ladies against being careless, for I told him, although we were as secure as bolts and bars could possibly make us, yet there seemed to be no fastenings that could keep those villains out. He replied that he was not at all fearful, for he always kept armed; and yet you took his pocket-book right out from under his head, and he never turned over. Why the d—! hadn't you hauled his watch and chain?"

"Ay, I was too smart for that; but you seem to be taking quite a shine to one of the young ladies, Green. Is it the frizzy-headed one?"

"No, sir; it is Bob Hunt's sister; and, I believe, she is in love with me, too. By Jove! that is the richest part of the joke. If she could see that precious Abigail there in the corner, she wouldn't suppose I had much heart to spare, would she, Sue?" and he must have struck the poor creature a heavy blow, for Lena heard it distinctly, and then the shriek which followed it was fearful; and Lena knew then who was the author of the terrible screams that had so startled them several nights before.

The voices ceased, and she heard them close the door, and, more dead than alive, she hurried to her room, and watched eagerly for the return of her friends. In a low tone she informed Emma of what she had heard, and they took counsel together over the course it would be best to pursue. Every noise made them tremble, and, to pass away the time, they packed their trunks, and made preparations for a speedy departure, for Lena was determined that they should start the next day for home. It was almost dark when the party returned, tired and hungry, for they had partaken of the one meal Christopher had got ready for them quite early in the day. But tea was waiting their pleasure, and they all grouped around the table without first going to their rooms, so Lena had no chance of communicating with either of them.

"Oh, Lena, how red your cheeks are!" said Bob. "You must have been shamming illness; for I declare I never saw you looking better in my life. We have had a splendid time. We went several miles further than we ever have before. You ought to have been with us Lena."

"What, Miss Stockbridge!" said gentlemanly Christopher. "Is it possible you remained at home to-day alone? I never dreamed of such a thing. You were not down to dinner. I feel very unpleasantly that you have been so neglected; and Christopher apologized, and Lena swallowed her repugnance and tried to appear as she would have under other circumstances.

They retired early, and Lena had not yet seen an opportunity to impart the intelligence she felt was so important. Christopher remained in the dining-room, and when, after tea, they repaired to the parlor, he followed them like a shadow.



But finally a move was made to retire, and Lena visited a part of the rooms, and Emma the remainder, and electrified the party with the terrifying news. They determined not to sleep, and the two young girls took up their quarters with Bob Hunt and his wife, after securely locking their own door, and the morning light found every eye open, and not until then did they dare to catch a wink of sleep.

At breakfast the next morning Christopher very blandly inquired what arrangements they had made for the day's amusement?

"Well," said Bob, carelessly, "we thought we would take a drive before dinner, if the horses were not tired out. I desire very much to show Lena the beautiful places we discovered yesterday: but there will be no necessity for a lunch," as Christopher hospitably suggested taking something along with them.

So the carriages were again brought around, and, with a sigh of relief, the ladies bade adieu to the haunted house. They drove to the nearest city, distant about ten miles, and there taking the railroad, returned home, feeling thankful for their safety. While they were still undecided what steps to take to bring the criminal to justice, they were one morning astonished by reading in the paper an account of the arrest of Christopher Green. His unfortunate wife, who had been rendered nearly crazy by his cruelty, managed one day to escape, and fleeing to the neighboring town, gave information which led to his arrest and subsequently to his execution for murder.

"Did I not tell you so?" said Lena, when the wretch had met his deserved reward. "Did I not tell you that the only ghost in the house was that smooth-spoken villain?"

"Ah, well!" said Emma, "don't say anything more about it, and I will forgive you your bet."

### THE KITCHEN IN OLD ENGLAND.

It is curious to find that one of the domestic arts, which is somewhat neglected in the households of the present generation, should, in the last century, have been considered an accomplishment of such importance as to be taught in the schools: this was pastry-making.

There was then resident in London one of the ancient family of the Kidders, of Marston, in Sussex, and a descendant of Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells. This was Edward Kidder, a pastry-cook, or, as he called himself, "pastry-master," who carried on his business in Queen street, Cheapside, and was induced to open two schools in the metropolis, to teach the art of making pastry, one at his own place of business and the other at Holborn. He also gave instructions to ladies at their private houses. So popular did his system of teaching become, that he is said to have instructed nearly six thousand ladies in this art. He also published a book of "Receipts of Pastry and Cookery," for the use of his scholars, printed entirely in copper-plate, with a portrait of himself, in the full wig and costume of the day, as a frontispiece. He died in 1739, at the age of seventy-three. By will, he gave to his wife, Mary Kidder, a gold watch, a diamond ring, and all the other rings and trinkets used by her, and also all the furniture of the best room in which she lay in the house in Queen street; and to his daughters, Elizabeth and Susan, he bequeathed all his money, bank-stock, plate, jewelry, etc. Susan, among other bequests, gave to her cousin, George Kidder, of Canterbury, pastry-cook, £150, and the copper-plates for the receipt-book.

Some dishes of the olden dinner-table are not very inviting. Our ancestors had no objection to stale fish; and blubber, if they could get it from a stray whale, or grampus or porpoise, was considered a delicacy. Yet some of the old dishes have stood the test of ages, as we see in the case of a Christmas Pie, the receipt to make which is preserved in the books of the Salters' Company, in the City of London.

"For to make a moost choysce Paaste of Gamys to be eaten at y<sup>e</sup> Feate of Chrystmasse" (17th Richard II. A. D. 1394). A pie so made by the Company's cook in 1836 was found excellent. It consisted of a pheasant, hare and capon; two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits; all boned and put into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forced-meat and egg-balls, reasoning, spices, catchup and pickled mushrooms, filled up with gravy made from the various bones.

We must, however, remember that cookery flourished in the reign of Richard II., who rebuilt Westminster Hall, and gave therein a house-warming, at which old How says, "he feasted 10,000 persons." Richard is also said to have kept 2,000 cooks, who left to the world their famous cookery-book, the "Form of Cury, or, a Booke of English Cookery," compiled about the year 1390, by the master-cooks of the Royal Kitchen.

Sugar was at first regarded as a spice, and was introduced as a substitute for honey after the Crusades. It was sold by the pound in the thirteenth century, and was p<sup>r</sup>ecious even in such remote towns as Ross and Herford. Before the discovery of America, however, sugar was a costly luxury, and only used on rare occasions. About 1439, Margaret Barton, writing to her husband, who was a gentleman and landowner of Norfolk, begs that he will purchase "to buy her a pound of sugar." Again: "I pray that ye will vouchsafe to send me another sugar-loaf, for my old one is done." The art of refining sugar, and what is called loaf-sugar, was discovered by a Venetian about the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sugar-candy is of much earlier date; for in Marin's "Storia di Commercio de Veneziani" there is an account of a shipment made at Venice for England, in 1519, of 100,000 pounds of sugar and 10,000 pounds of sugar-candy. Refined or loaf-sugar is thus mentioned in a roll of provisions in the reign of Henry VIII.: "Two loaves of sugar, weighing sixteen pounds two ounces, at — per pound." A letter from Sir Edward Wotton to Lord Cobham, dated Calais, March 6, 1546, informs him that he had taken up for his lordship twenty-five sugar-loaves, at six shillings a loaf, "which is eightpence a pound." Up to the close of the fifteenth century its price varied from one and sixpence to three shillings a pound, "or, on an average, to a sum equivalent to about thirty shillings at present." Sugar has become to us almost a necessary of life. "We consume it by millions of tons; we employ thousands of men in transporting it. Millions of men spend their lives in cultivating the plants from which it is extracted, and the fiscal duties imposed upon it add largely to the revenue of nearly every established government. It may be said, therefore, to exercise a more direct and extended influence, not only over the social comfort, but over the social condition of mankind, than any other production of the vegetable kingdom, with the exception, perhaps, of cotton alone."

PROFESSOR VAN DER WEYDE, of Girard College, has succeeded in obtaining a liquid from the condensation of gases from petroleum, which boils at the low temperature of forty degrees, and produces intense cold on evaporation. He has named this new substance Chitogene.

### DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

An almost universal delusion prevails to the effect that our heroic Revolutionary ancestors did, by casting off the oppressive yoke of British misrule and framing for themselves and for us "the wisest government the world ever saw," insure to their descendants and to all dwellers in these United States a perfect measure of personal liberty. That rhetorically ill-used biped, the American Eagle, is, in his capacity of National Emblem, more frequently apostrophized by stump orators as "the 'soarin' Bird of Freedom'" than by his more correct ornithological appellation, and from the Halls of Congress down to the village bar-room, the staple of every discourse is our glorious birthright of unshackled independence.

In view of the general credence yielded to this pleasant fiction much odium must necessarily devolve upon him who shall publicly assert its falsity, and ruthlessly puncture with his pen the inflated bubbles of popular complacency; yet, in the interest of the oppressed and in the services of truth, I do hereby boldly pronounce all such vanta<sup>s</sup> of liberty the most baseless of vain boasting, and unhesitatingly assert that there exists in this miscellany Republic a crueler tyranny on the one hand, and on the other a more abject state of servitude, than can be found in the most barbarous countries, or paralleled in the history of the darkest ages of mankind.

I intend no allusion to the past or present woes of the "men and brethren" whose emancipation was the proudest triumph of our late war and whose elevation to political equality—not to say superiority—is the millennial promise of the immediate future; nor shall I here declaim against the disfranchisement of the chivalrous gentlemen, their former masters, who did the other half of the fighting whereby such desirable results were, or are to be, attained. Neither do I refer to the dire grievances of the paler Northern Sisterhood, whose souls revolt against the thrallism of housewifery and the miseries of maternity, and whose piteous pleadings for the right of suffrage and for admission into the more congenial sphere of primary meetings and political processions all the Cooper Institute with tremulous echoes and their husbands' hearts with salutary jubilation. Boston and the Thirtieth Congress will

ensure the welfare of the freedmen; the interests of the Southern chivalry will be jealously guarded by the World and a certain Eminent Personage; and, as to the Ladies, their sex and their eloquent proceedings are amply guaranteed of their capability to speak for themselves.

Worse than the condition of any of these is the state of bondage for the amelioration of which this appeal is penned: more galling from the very fact that there is a salacious appearance of free will on the part of the victims, inasmuch as they are allowed to choose, nay, even to change their rulers; each change, however, entailing upon them more grievous suffering. Need I say that the despotism of domestic servants is my theme?

First in the list, and most exacting, of our tyrants, are COOKS. Of the arbitrary sway of these "ministers of grease," all householders, save those happy few who prepare their own viands, have had sad experience, but none more than the wretched author of this article. When first my then blooming bride and myself established our lares and penates in our modest abode, the impractical longing for the impossible which ever characterizes youth led us to resist encroachments upon our imagined freedom, and within six months the nine cooks were in turn engaged and dismissed. Since then, finding that each alteration did but result in higher wages, less capacity and more insolent demeanor, we have learned resignedly to kiss the rod, and keep our culinary autocrats at their own terms until they dismiss us, an event which occurs on an average about once in two months, as my wife is of so amiable a figure that but few ladies of Celtic conformation can wear her dresses with any degree of comfort. She is now endeavoring, however, by a judicious course of full diet and physical inaction to enlarge herself to proper proportions, and indulges the hope that until that consummation be reached the present incumbent of our kitchen (whom we selected on account of her comparative slenderness) will kindly consent to submit to a little squeezing (she only burst three books off my wife's best silk gown last Sunday), and remain with us. My only fear is lest fattening food, of which an abundant supply is kept in the house in furtherance of our project, combined with the very small amount of exercise taken by her, should lead to an even greater increase in her bulk than in that of her mistresses.

Of her predecessors, the catalogue may be thus epitomized:

No. 1.—*Hibernian*.—Supported an aged mother and five small children by surreptitious levies of meat, flour, vegetables, fuel, clothing, etc., from our wardrobe, cellar and larder—discharged.

No. 2.—*Hibernian*.—Of a literary turn and in the habit of falling asleep over books abstracted from my library with a lighted candle in the lap, whereby the house was on two occasions nearly set a-fire, and constant apprehension of conflagrations induced—discharged.

No. 3, 4, 5 and 6.—*All Hibernian*.—Chiefly remarkable for the absence of all qualities whatsoever, except impudence, and discharged on the score of utter incapacity.

No. 7.—*Hibernian*.—Dressed going out in her mistress's best—partial to society and constantly receiving invitations to balls, wakes and other festive amusements—discharged because none of the other servants would sit up to let her in at night, and my health was suffering from the loss of rest consequent upon such vigils failing to my lot.

No. 8.—*Hibernian*.—A confirmed drunkard, and what made matters worse, since her inebriation was attained through my stock of wine—with an exceedingly strong head—discharged.

No. 9.—*Hibernian*.—Gave warning, because I had taken a cottage in the country for the summer, and she "couldn't think o' leaving all her friends in the city to be cooped up in a stupid country place."

No. 10 to 16, inclusive.—*Hibernian*.—All indifferent—the majority addicted to spirituous beverages. Left on various pretexts; principally because the store-room and wine-closet could not be opened by ordinary door keys.

No. 17.—*Hibernian*.—Gave warning because I had not taken a cottage in the country for the summer, and "we'd no right to expect to kape a poor woman lookin' after the house in the heat o' the city while the family was junketin' about at watherin' places."

No. 18.—*Hibernian*.—Did "look after the house" during our absence, but ran up bills of \$75 per month at the butcher's and \$50 at the grocer's—discharged.

Nos. 19, 20 and 21.—*Of African Descent*.—Distinguished for a tendency toward petty larceny and for their numerous range of male visitors. Left as soon as each had stolen enough to furnish an apartment and "take in washing."

No. 22.—*Hibernian*.—Brought excellent certificates of "honesty, sobriety and industry," which we afterward discovered were forgeries. Was found one day, just at dinner-time, lying on the dining-table in a helpless state of intoxication, and by her side a bunch of duplicate keys—discharged.

Of the present reigning member of this long dynasty I am too prudent to publish any complaints. The suburban elements which I commonly find in the breakfast rolls are doubtless inserted by her, as maçons mix cow's hair with mortar, to increase the cohesiveness of the compound. To be sure, I should like to fix my own hours for meals, and it would be more agreeable, when one requests that a turkey be boiled, to have it thus instead of roasted; but let such minor affairs pass! I am thankful to dine at all; although, I must add, if Solomon's "stalled ox" necessitated the service of cooks in any degree similar to those of our time, I do not wonder at that wise monarch's preference for "a dinner of herbs and contentment therewith."

A marked uniformity of character pervades the delegates of Fœdian sovereignty in other household departments. Minor idiosyncrasies in the matters of scrubbing, mending and the like, are sometimes noticed, but these are differences in degree rather than in kind. All exercise the same unyielding severity toward their employers; all alike demand that their behests be unannouncedly complied with; all manifest perfect unanimity concerning faultfinding of attire and amplitude of hoops; all entertain an uncompromising devotion to religious exercises; and all have cousins who wear thick-soled boots and small of stables.

The development of even identical tendencies, however, is modified by opportunity. Thus, the wifeless, from her manipulation of the chains and glass, and the laundress, from her control of hot irons and washboards, enjoy facilities for destruction which can hardly be attained by the chambermaid or nurse. The latter, to be sure, has some slight compensation as regards pins and paregoric; but in the majority of families breaking babies is not as yet become customary. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the waitresses hold, next to the cook, the most enviable position. The amount of injury she may effect by judicious management is almost incalculable. Through the agency of the "dumb-waiter" (an invention, I firmly believe, made by Satan in her behalf) she may, say on the second day of a fiscal month, at one fell swoop smash into fragments a whole dinner service, costing perhaps a hundred dollars, and then announce her intention to depart the next day, requesting you to "take it out of her wages."

The advantages offered by numerous expensive and fragile parlor ornaments are too obvious for commentary, and it is needless to do more than suggest the susceptibility to damage of silver forks and spoons. Then, again, the decanters on the sideboard may not only be fractured, but their contents may be imbibed and a chance thereby secured for the display of dramatic talent in repelling the unjust suspicion aroused by the disappearance of the wine. In this connection let me warn my readers from all traitorous plottings against established rules, lest they be visited with condign retribution such as befell me once. Being anxious to ascertain whether my decreasing stock of sherry was going, our family physician hinted the detective expedient of admixing a certain quantity of ipecacuanha, and feloniously furnished me with the proper dose of that drug, which I carefully dissolved in the decanter; but as I am rather absent-minded, the circumstance after awhile entirely slipped from my memory, and the next morning at lunch I not only drank of the nauseating mixture myself, but forced a couple of glasses thereof upon my wife, the result being that we were both made grievously sick, and that the waitresses—perceiving our condition and divining accurately the cause—did most properly lecture and berate us and give warning on the spot, an example which was immediately followed by the rest of the servants; two of them leaving on account of symptoms similar to our own, and the others through sympathy with their sufferings and indignation at our peccadillo.

### Ship Mercury Loading for the Paris Exhibition.

Our illustration represents the ship Mercury loading at Pier No. 6 for the Great Exhibition at Paris, and shows the large floating derrick by which enormous weights are raised with comparative ease. Our picture shows it in process of placing the bed-plate for a planing-machine, made by Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, on board the ship. The car made by Stephenson, of this city, which is also intended for the Exhibition, is also shown in our picture. It is desirable that all branches of American manufacture should be represented in the Exhibition. Before the Revolution, Lord North declared it his policy that the American Colonies should be dependent upon the mother country for all their manufactures, and that he would not allow "even a horse-shoe nail" to be made here. His protection or free trade given us our present development in manufactures? There can be no doubt which has been the general tendency of our Government so far.

### Skating at the Union Pond, Williamsburg, Long Island.

Our illustration shows a scene upon Union Pond, in Williamsburg, acknowledged to be one of the best conducted and attractive ponds about New York. The principal figures are those of Mr. Engler and Miss Henrietta Bedell, and Mr. Cammeyer, the manager of the pond. Mr. Engler is probably the best skater about this city, and perhaps anywhere. He has contended victoriously in many matches, and seems entirely at home upon skates, going in any direction with equal facility, and doing the seemingly most impossible feats. Miss Bedell is one of the best lady skaters we have. Recently, when she appeared on the Capitoline Pond, Brooklyn, to contend in a match there, the other lady competitors all retired, and, after giving an evidence of her skill, the prize was awarded her by acclamation. Our illustration represents these two champion skaters performing what is technically called the backward roll. This is skating backward, and using the outside edge of the skate. Mr. Engler, in doing this, will lean so far over as easily to touch the ice. The increase in the use of this invigorating sport is a most excellent sign of the prevalence of better physical culture, and its introduction among the ladies is greatly to be commended. The acquisition of health is the primary object of life, since without it there can be no dependence placed upon the action of any of the other faculties.

### WAKES IN ENGLAND.

WAKES were originally established to commemorate the erection of the church in the parish where they were held. They were then celebrated on the Sunday, and the parson did not deem it "unworthy his high vocation" to enjoy a gambol on the village-green after the morning service. In the larger towns most of the churches had weekly fairs or markets, attached to them, these also being held on the Sabbath. As late as the commencement of the fourteenth century Wolverhampton had a market every Sunday morning, the shingle being arranged round the old Collegiate Church; and when the voice of worship ceased, the Babel of the Fair began. During the fourteenth century, however, the custom of holding Sunday markets was abolished, but the village wakes continued to be celebrated on the sacred day until the commencement of the present century. The leading diversions of wake-time in this district were, as is pretty generally known, bull and badger baiting, cock-fighting, pigeon-flying, boxing, running and wrestling. There is, we think, a very fair standard of comparison between past and present presented to us in the subject of wake festivals; and for this reason we have thought it worth while briefly to compare wake-time in the Black Country half a century ago with the corresponding season now. We think it will be allowed that, after taking into consideration all educational and other advantages, there has been a progress toward social and moral excellence among the working men and women which is deserving of all praise.

The traditions of bull-baiting, cock-fighting and other exhibitions of brutality which characterized wakes in this district forty or fifty years ago have, in many cases, been so distorted and magnified by frequent repetition, that they can no longer be accepted as truthful pictures of the festivals which it was the humor of our ancestors to establish and be pleased with.

During the past half-century there have been some brutal exhibitions of this class. In the Staffordshire *Advertiser*, November 23, 1833, we read of bulls being shockingly tortured in the neighborhood of Dudley. At Wolvey Bagis a two-year-old bull was worried most brutally, his horns being torn off, and his head and face mangled in the most appalling manner.

In the following year the Wolverhampton *Chronicle* publishes this intelligence: "At Willemsall Wakes two bulls were baited in the streets of that town, and more than usual 'rascality' was displayed on the occasion, as one of the bulls died on the night after being baited."

At Darlaston Wakes about the same period three bulls, three bears and two badgers underwent baiting simultaneously, to say nothing of dog and cock-fights.

These instances might, of course, be multiplied by records of each town in the district, but they will suffice to show the extent of the barbarity which distinguished the wakes of our forefathers. The ludicrous was sometimes associated with the cruelties in these scenes. Fifteen, on one occasion, the bull broke loose, and, dashing madly through the crowd, entered the open door of a house, at whose fire a huge piece of wake beef was roasting. From the force of habit, the bull tossed the smoking joint to the ceiling and disappeared, to the great joy of the frightened inmates.

On another occasion, at Bloxwich, some wag stole the bull at midnight, and when the excited crowd assembled on the morrow from all parts of the district, they were doomed to disappointment. The circumstance gave rise to a local proverb still in use. When great expectations are baffled, the circumstance is instinctively likened to "the Bloxwich bull." The remembrance of this barbarous pastime is perpetuated in the topographical nomenclature of the district, where, following the example of Birmingham, almost every town and village has its Bull Ring.

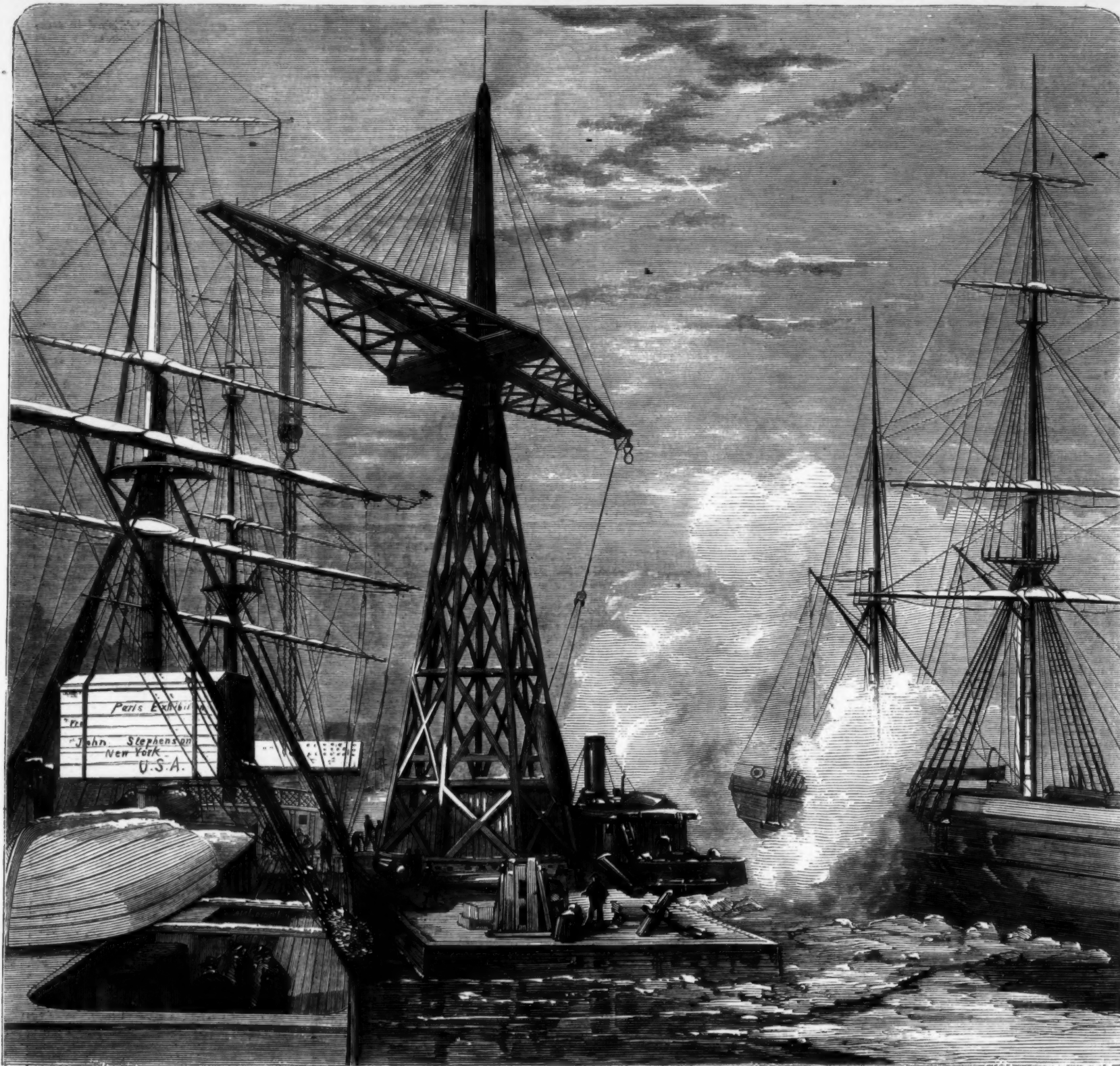
The stronghold of cock-fighting was at Wednesbury, where the "cockings" were resorted to by persons from all parts of the kingdom. In a "Directory of Walsall," 1812, we read: "The cock-pit is situate on the left-hand side of the entrance into Park Street from Digheigh, at the bottom of a yard belonging to Mr. Fox, known by the sign of the New Inn. It is spacious and much frequented at the wakes, at which period only it is used."

The minor sports and pastimes were the interludes between the tragedies, and served to complete the day's programme of the Black Country Wake-time. Forty years ago it was dangerous to pass through a town during the wakes. The inhabitants, who took active part in these sports, were so infuriated with drink and excitement, and their feelings were so hardened by scenes of torture, that they regarded neither the limb nor life of any one who happened to offend them. There was no amusement provided either for young or old, but the most vicious and degrading, and the wakes seldom passed by without some other blood than that of bulls being spilt—the blood of comrades, and too frequently of wives and children who dared to remonstrate with a furious husband and father in his orgies.

Happily modern wakes have been divested of nearly all the characteristics of the olden festivals. The only vestiges which distinguish them are the booths, clowns and drinking bouts; and these amusements are only indulged in by children and the lowest class of the population. Among the features recently introduced in connection with district wakes may be enumerated outdoor fêtes, flower-shows, bazaars and excursions. Temperance Societies and Workingmen's Institutes select wake-time for their celebrations. Two of the most successful exhibitions ever held in the district, were inaugurated at the wakes of Willemsall, in 1857, and at those of Dilston a year or two later, both in connection with the progress of popular education. The Right Honorable G. F. Villiers, M. P., who was present on both occasions, and who knew this district in its dark days, took occasion to compare the former wake-times with the present, as an evidence of the social advancement of the Black Country. The cultivation of cottage window-flowers, now happily so general throughout the same district, is another refining agency, which has helped in no small degree to root out the love for grosser sports among the people. But perhaps the most powerful agent in improving the character of modern wakes is the influence of popular excursions. The district is fortunate in its situation in this respect. Within easy distance are the lawns and flowers of Enville, Hagley, Slingsborough and Teddesley, which it is the delight of their noble owners to place at the service of our workmen and women; and the more recent facilities for locomotion have also placed the Malvern slopes and Southport sands within their reach. Wake-times are therefore now become seasons of excursions, when hard-working men quit the factory bench and the dark mine, to delight and refine their inner manhood with views of nature's fairest works. This, we think, is one great step toward the development of a love for art among the artisans of our utilitarian district; and wake-times so spent will assuredly exert an influence for good through the remainder of the year. Nevertheless, the wakes are still disgraced by sad scenes of intoxication and other excesses; the agencies of education and religion are not working in vain in the district; let us hope that the progress, though slow, may be sure.

PADRE SEECHE, of Rome, has been making good use of his new spectroscope. In a recent communication made by him to the Academy of Sciences, he states that he has examined the spectra of various stars in the constellations of Hercules, Orion, Lyra, Cassiopeia, &c. He divides the spectra of these stars into three classes or types—blue, yellow and red and green. The result of his observations leads him to believe that each color type predominates in one region of the heavens. Thus, the yellow and the red type appears in the Whale, the blue in the Great Bear, Crown, Dolphin, &c., and the green in Orion. The type of our sun comprehends the Goat, Arcturus, Polaris, &c., and is found that their spectrum is sprinkled throughout with fine rays.





THE SHIP MERCURY, LOADING AT PIER NO. 6, N. Y., WITH GOODS FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—SEE PAGE 327.

**The Ice Bridge on the East River.—Passengers Crossing on the Ice.**

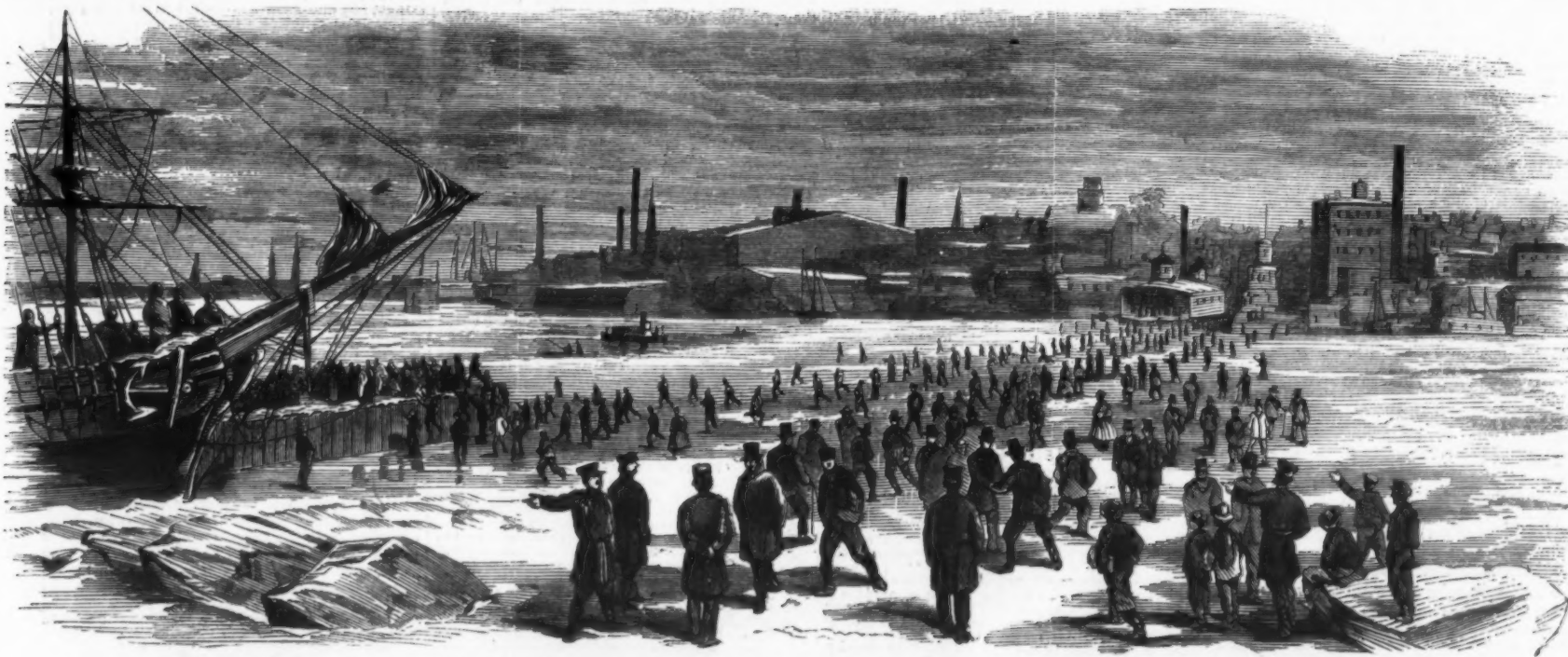
At rare intervals the floating ice in the East River is brought up in such quantities by the flood tide, that it becomes jammed in the narrower parts of the channel, and forms a continuous sheet of ice from this city to Brooklyn. It is only during the flood of the tide that it remains stationary, for as soon as it turns, the current breaks up the ice, and carries it down the bay. Consequently, it is rather dangerous to cross on these

temporary ice bridges, especially when the hour for the turning of the tide is at hand. Such a bridge was formed on the morning of the 23d of January, and the occasion was seized by thousands to cross the East River on foot. About the time for the tide to turn, the excitement among the spectators upon either bank became intense. When the bridge broke up there were a great many people still upon it, who were carried down by the tide. It is supposed that they were all saved by the tugs and ferry-boats which came promptly to the rescue, and by the aid afforded by those upon the

shores. Two ladies who were upon the ice at the time had a very narrow escape from being swept away. One man, however, who was upon the ice in the path of a ferry-boat, was thrown into the water and drowned, and is supposed to be the only life that was lost in this hazardous and exciting passage on foot across the river.

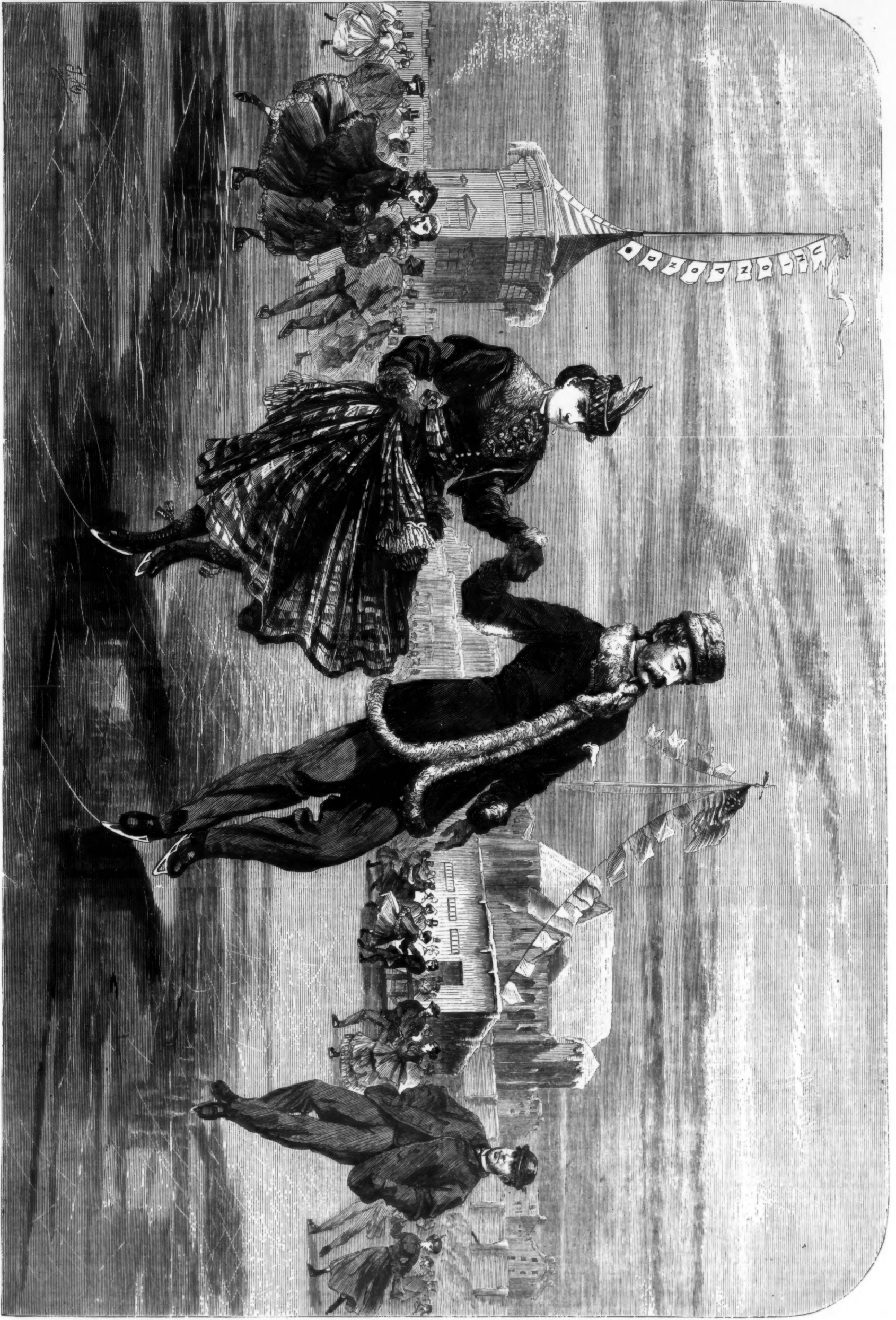
M. BAZIN, a noted French photographer, has contrived a very ingenious submarine photographic

studio, by which he is enabled to take photographs of sunken ships, rocks, &c. The chamber is provided by lens-shaped water-tight windows, and by means of the electric light the objects to be photographed are highly illuminated. M. Bazin is able to remain about ten minutes in his submarine chamber, and has produced several clear and well-defined photographic pictures of objects at the great depth of three hundred feet. Probably by combining the principle of the dumb-bell, supplied with air by pumps from above, the operator can remain much longer under water.



THE ICE BRIDGE ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, ON THE MORNING OF THE 23RD JANUARY.—RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN CROSSING ON THE ICE.





FANCY SKATING AT THE UNION POND, WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.—MR. ENGLER AND MISS BEDELL EXECUTING THE BACKWARD ROLL.—SEE PAGE 327.



## THE MASTER TOUCH.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Rare are the golden-colored streaks  
Of her whose tresses he has drawn!  
The canvas is alive, and speaks;  
A woman from his touch is born!

A woman whose blue eyes are sad,  
Whose mouth is pressed in cruel pride,  
Whose brain is very nigh to mad,  
Whose hand is clenched against her side!

A letter lies within her hand,  
A ring on one white finger lies;  
A woman's wrong, as mute she stands—  
A woman's curse to Heaven flies!

How long the limner strove to paint  
A scene alike to *that*! how long  
He toiled till very life was faint;  
And still "a failure" was his song!

When—just as hope was dying fast,  
And brown hair turning into gray—  
A woman crossed his path at last,  
Love trod on his despairing way;

And in a garden, breathing low  
A woman told her life to him;  
The sad old tale! he rose to go;  
The painter's honest eyes were dim!

That night he saw her!—saw the gold  
Of her bright sunny hair; he saw  
The fingers clinched a note to hold:  
He took his pallet up once more!

All came at length—the hair—the face—  
The eyes more soft than eyes of dove,  
The hand, the letter!—you could trace  
In all the Master-Touch of Love!

## MY STEPMOTHER.

## CHAPTER III.—MY SECRET DRAWER.

My first waking thought was the happy one, "Van has come." But the delight changed to despondency when I recollected my stepmother's words last night. The thought that I must be cold and quiet when with him destroyed at once the chief charm of our intercourse. If I was to act a part foreign to my nature, I knew I should never feel at ease, never seem my real self or make a good impression. Still, I resolved to do my best, and rose with the pleasant consciousness that a new element now entered into my dull life.

As I usually lay late, I would not make my appearance before my accustomed hour, lest I should seem to seek Van, who was out on the lawn early. When I did at last venture down, I found no one in the breakfast-room but madam—as I called my stepmother. She was in one of her taciturn moods, and I was too proud to ask questions, but looked well about me while breakfasting, and saw several things that annoyed me. Clara's little dog was not in his usual place on the rug, so I knew that she was out. Damer's hat was gone from the hall table, and fresh hoof-marks were visible in the newly raked gravel of the avenue. I felt sure that they were away riding together, and I longed to be with them that lovely summer morning. My eyes turned wistfully to the green hills, and I sighed involuntarily. Madam saw and heard these signs of impatience, but smiled to herself and said nothing.

"What horse did Van have?" I asked abruptly. "Dr. Damer had his own."

"Then he has come to stay?" "He probably has not come from India merely to pass a night with us?" was the provoking reply.

"How glad you must be that Clara has at last taken to early rising. She is usually later than I, and so misses the morning lecture which we both deserve."

"Dr. Damer asked her last night, and as he is our guest, she could not well refuse. Do not let envy make you satirical; nothing is more repulsive in a woman. If you find the house dull, go and recover your spirits in the park. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Marlowe dines here to-day may help to enliven you."

This last speech was intended to annoy me. "It does very much. I'll go and get some of the ferns he likes and give myself a charming color for dinner. Clara won't lend me her rouge, so I must wear natural roses or none."

With which amiable remark I took my hat and roamed into the park. Coming to the tall ferns, I sat down among them, and leaning my head on the ivy-covered trunk of a tree, fell into a reverie. The air was full of summer warmth; the grove musical with summer sounds, and soon, in spite of my night's sleep, I was insensibly lulled into a drowse. How long it lasted I could not tell, but I woke suddenly with a fancy that something human was near me. No one appeared, however, and I should have thought nothing of it, had I not found a plaid laid over me, and on examining it, discovered a paper pinned to it. On one side was a spirited little sketch of myself lying among the ferns, and sitting on a mossy stone near by a likeness of Van, busy with his pencil, while a curious squirrel peeped over his shoulder, and a pair of ring-doves sat on a bough above his head. The other side of the paper had these lines:

"Dr. Damer thinks sleeping on the damp ground much more dangerous than night-air for his patient, and would wake her if he dared."

It amused and gratified me to find he had not neglected me, and wondering why he had not "dared" to rouse me, I followed his advice by turning homeward at once. The drawing-rooms and library were deserted; Clara was resting; madam giving orders in the lower regions, and Van nowhere appeared. Going up to my own little boudoir, I amused myself at an old cabinet

which I called my treasury, though its contents were only childish toys and girlish souvenirs. A tall, dark, richly carved piece of furniture it was, and having been my father's, I was very fond of it. Perched on a stool, I was rummaging over the upper shelves, when a familiar voice said behind me, as it used to do long ago:

"May Van come in and play?" I turned quickly and saw him pausing in the doorway. A glad welcome rose to my lips, but did not pass them, for remembering my resolution, I said politely, as I stepped off the stool, and laid down my little feather duster:

"Certainly, if you like, Dr. Damer; but things are in sad confusion, for I am clearing up." He gave me an odd look, evidently perceiving my altered manner at once. A scarcely perceptible change came over him; he hesitated an instant, glanced again at my grave face, and his frank voice grew apologetic as he entered with an excuse for his visit.

I saw you come in, and ventured up to give you the first installment of the medicine I spoke of last night. Are you still inclined to try it?" "If you think it worth while."

"You speak as if life was of no value to you; do you mean it?" he asked with a mixture of surprise and satire in his tone.

"Yes; I'm willing to live if I have anything worth living for. Just now I haven't and don't find life very inviting. That is a charming little flacon, and you say moonlight and roses go to make the medicine, so I think I'll try it."

I had not looked at him while I spoke, and now stretched my hand for the prettily ornamented flask still without meeting his eye. He gave it to me, saying seriously:

"Remember the directions I give you, for the efficacy of the potion depends on their being carefully followed. You must go every morning at sunrise to the old spring in the park, fill a cup with fresh water, add a drop of this cordial and drink it to your own health. Can you do this?"

"I can try. It sounds romantic, but I dare say will do me good if I have faith in it. I used to like sunrises, but have not seen one for a long time. Had you a pleasant ride this morning?"

"Not at all." If he meant to make me to look up he certainly succeeded; I lifted my eyes wondering and forgot myself in trying to account for this blunt answer.

"You never ride I believe?" he asked, examining a little silver cup which I had just been dusting.

"Not since papa died."

"You dislike it perhaps?" "I am very fond of it, but mamma thought it too violent exercise; so I gave it up, and Clara uses my horse."

"How well she sings. Do you never join her?" "Never; I have had no lessons; singing is supposed to be bad for my chest."

"I should think drawing and painting would be worse," he said, glancing from my easel to several sketches on the wall.

"I do neither now. Accomplishments are considered unwholesome, so I have none."

"Books are not forbidden, I see."

Damer had turned to my well-filled *dagblre*, but I saw a frown on his forehead, and knew that he understood the neglect I suffered.

"No, I'm allowed as many as I like. They are safe and quiet you know, make no show, and a learned girl is not much sought except by old people."

"Exactly. I see works in four languages, and a good sprinkling of the classics among modern novels, and much poetry. Does the 'learned girl' enjoy 'Sophocles' as well as 'Sue'?"

There was a satirical expression in Damer's eye as he spoke, and I was as much ashamed of having the ancient dramatist found in my library as the modern novelist.

"Papa liked 'Sophocles,' and mamma forbid me to read 'Sue,' so I read both."

I tried to speak with dignity, but Damer laughed outright, and so infectiously that I was forced to join him.

"I beg your pardon, but that speech was so characteristic, it was irresistible. Now pray go on with your work, Grace, and let me help you as I used to do. You were a tidy little woman even then, and were always 'clearing up,' as you call it."

"I am only making room for my new treasures by piling the old on the upper shelves. If you really want to help a little, please put these things up for me; it tires me to hop up and down so often," I said, busying myself among the drawers, lest I should forget and be too friendly.

"Bless me! here are the old Hindoo gods and goddesses I sent you ages ago. How well you have kept them. Your father said in one of his letters that he was afraid you would learn to worship them in good earnest," Van said, as he began to arrange the idols where I directed. Presently he began to hum a little Hindoo air, and before I knew it, I was singing also. He smiled to himself as I broke off suddenly, and began to talk again.

"I shall use his silver cup to take my morning draught in, for it has a Hebe on the handle, and is very appropriate. How soon will the new medicine begin to take effect?"

"Very soon I hope. Come and see how tidily I've done my work. What else goes here?"

I stepped up on the stool, thus bringing my face on a level with his tall head as he stood beside me. While I admired his work and settled several trifles to my liking I stole a glance from under my lashes at him, and wondered why he looked so unlike himself. In his face I saw both curiosity and excitement, yet could see no cause for either. It troubled me and I could find nothing to say.

"What do you keep in all these little drawers. May I open some of them and pry about? or are they full of secrets like most young ladies' treasures?" asked Van, persuasively.

"You may peep where you like. I have no

secrets. Please hand me up that basket of shells and the pile of books lying by them. Now I'm here, I will finish this shelf."

He obeyed, smiling again as he looked into my eyes when I leaned forward to receive the things. As I did so, the little amulet which I wore about my neck swung from the folds of my dress. He saw it, and put out his hand to take it, but I thrust it hastily out of sight and turned my back to him, saying, with an uneasy laugh:

"No; when you show me yours, I'll show you mine."

"Very good—it's a bargain; by-and-by I'll remind you of your promise. Now I'm going to rummage."

For several minutes neither of us spoke. I was apparently absorbed in arranging books and shells, secretly enjoying the cheerful influence Van's presence seemed to bring into my lonely room; he was intent on opening drawer after drawer, examining the contents of each with a careful hand, still humming softly to himself, and still wearing that peculiar expression of curiosity and repressed excitement. I was puzzling myself over this, when a sudden pause in the song and a half-stifled exclamation made me look round. My secret-drawer stood wide open, and Van was gazing at its contents so intently that he entirely forgot me. A small, silver-mounted pistol, a cluster of short black curls, and the picture of a handsome, Spanish-looking boy was all he saw. There was only time for a glance, for uttering a cry, I sprang down, shut the door with a crash, and stood before it pale and trembling, with a deeper, more uncontrolled emotion than anger.

"How dare you do that? Who told you how to open this drawer? I'll never forgive you, Van, never!"

"You told me to look where I liked. I remembered the hidden spring your father showed me once. How could I know a secret was there when you said you had none?"

Damer was perfectly calm after the first start when I cried out and sprang at him, yet he did not look sorry for the trespass, but almost grim, as he faced me, with his black eyes full of fire, though his voice was milder than usual. I could not recover myself so soon, and answered, almost fiercely:

"I forgot you knew the old cabinet so well, else I should not have given you leave to pry about. I will tell you nothing, and I forbid you to speak of this to mamma or Clara. I won't have the old misery revived; you may think what you will of me, I deserve it all, and accept contempt as my punishment, for my remorse will never die."

Here I was forced to stop for breath, and Damer began to say, "My dear child, forgive me;" but I interrupted him, trying to speak more quietly, but still agitated past concealment.

"Please say no more, but go away, and let me get over it as well as I can. It was my fault; forget it all, and never take me at my word again. Go, Van, go; else I shall cry, and then mamma will know something is wrong."

"I am truly sorry, Grace; let me prove it in any way I can. Tell me your trouble, and perhaps I can help you bear it."

Now his face was as mild as his voice, and so kind the look he gave me that I longed to confess everything that burdened me. But he was a man, and still too much of a stranger for confidences like mine. My eyes filled, and I covered up my face, saying, brokenly:

"I cannot! Bear with me; I am sick and nervous, and anything which recalls that dreadful time overcomes me as you see. Please go at once, or I shall not have time to calm myself before dinner. You are very kind, but no one can help me."

I felt a gentle hand laid on my drooping head and an instant, heard the sound of quietly retreating steps, and knew that Damer had gone. It took me long to recover from this scene, and when I looked into my glass, after making my toilet, I was dismayed to see how ill I looked. Perhaps my dress increased the effect, for feeling in no mood for gay attire, I wore a plain black silk, with no ornament but the new pearl brooch, my hair was braided closely, and not a particle of color in my cheeks, or of gayety in my melancholy eyes.

"No matter! no one cares how I look or feel, so why regret that I'm not gay and pretty," I thought, as I slowly went down.

Clara, looking unusually blithe and handsome, preceded me, and, pausing in the hall, I watched her enter. Damer was talking with Mr. Marlowe, but turned as the rustle of her dress was heard, and went to meet her with an air of interest and a smiling inquiry concerning her weariness that had an accent of almost tender anxiety in it. A pang of something like jealousy shot through my heart, for Van was my friend, and she seemed to be taking him from me. A moment after I followed her, grave, and calm, and cold. Whether Damer saw me or not I could not tell, for Mr. Marlowe advanced at once, and I was so glad of some one with whom to occupy myself that I greeted him with unusual cordiality, which caused the kind gentleman to glow with pleasure.

Mr. Marlowe was our neighbor, a man of forty, comely, learned, wealthy and excellent. He had known my father, and of late had fallen into the habit of haunting the house, though for years he had been a recluse, living alone among his books. My stepmother welcomed him, and Clara smiled upon him, but he seemed to care very little for either, and devoted himself to me, attracted by my love for books. I had enjoyed his society heartily till Clara's sneers and madam's hints suggested the possibility of a suitor in the grave and accomplished gentleman, who seemed to find amusement and satisfaction in my presence. Lately I had shunned him, regardless of his reproachful glances, but now it seemed pleasant to have a friend to turn to, and soon, in listening to his agreeable chat, I forgot my hidden pain. He had brought me some new books, and we were discussing them animatedly, when, as I paused in the middle of a sentence to recall a name, Damer's

voice supplied it, and looking over my shoulder, I found him leaning on the back of my chair. Mr. Marlowe looked a little annoyed, for our interviews in my recess were his delight, and any interruption was not to his taste.

"Talk on, and let me profit by good conversation. Grace will not talk to me. I'm too ignorant and behind the age for her. If she owes her learning to you, sir, your pupil does you honor."

"Don't be satirical, Dr. Damer. You know I consider you a very wise man, and if I am silent, it is because I am too ignorant. You have traveled so much you can tell us all about these saints and martyrs."

I laid the open book where he would see the fine pictures, and Mr. Marlowe resigned himself to the interruption of our *tête-à-tête*. But I was disappointed, for, before Van could begin, Clara came up to stand beside him and by her frivolous chatter annoy us all. I was turning the leaves, and wishing to avoid a certain picture, I hastily turned two leaves at a time. Clara saw it and exclaimed:

"Why do you whisk the leaves over so fast? If I read the name aright, that is your favorite saint which you are trying to hide, Grace."

"Here is Saint Lawrence on his gridiron. Don't you like him, Mr. Marlowe?" I said, as if I did not hear her.

"Don't be silly, child. I must see that picture. There! Isn't Saint Sebastian a handsome youth in spite of his arrows, Dr. Damer?"

"I have seen a handsomer one than this," answered Van, looking away, after a slight glance at the picture.

I knew Clara hoped I would be angry, so I sat perfectly still, which disconcerted her.

"Grace used to have a charming head of Sebastian. I dare say she has it now, but she will never show it. Dr. Damer is so fond of fine pictures, won't you let him see it, dear?"

"He has seen it," was my unexpected answer to her cruel question. She looked annoyed, and could only ejaculate:

"You showed it! Where? When?"

Before I could speak, Van struck in, saying, as he turned the page decidedly and gave Clara a look which made her color:

"You forget that Grace and I are old friends. Do not let us add another to the list of martyrs, but be glad that the days of torture are done with. Ah! here is Saint Anthony. Did you ever hear the legend of his preaching to the fishes and their thanking him with serious and devout countenances when he concluded?"

We never had heard the legend, and he told it so well that we were soon laughing heartily. Others followed, and we were getting on pleasantly, when an exclamation from madam changed the conversation. She was talking with our third guest, the old pastor. He had said something which caused her to exclaim:

"Fell dead, you say! How terrible!"

We all paused and listened as Mr. Norman went on:

"Yes, it was a dreadful shock to them, in spite of many warnings. She was so young, so gay, and had seemed unusually well of late."

"Who are you speaking of, sir?" asked Clara.

"Poor Mary Temple, who dropped dead yesterday."

"Heart-disease, I suppose," said Mr. Marlowe.

"I always thought—"

There he stopped, abruptly and began fumbling over the books.

I happened to have been looking in the long mirror that hung behind him. It reflected the little group. Clara was seen in profile, as she turned toward her mother; Mr. Marlowe's back was toward it; but Van, still leaning on my chair, faced it as well as I, and I saw him shake his head, warningly, at Mr. Marlowe as he spoke. I understood it, and an ominous foreboding came over me. I was ill; perhaps I, too, was in danger of dying suddenly. Van, doubtless, perceived the danger, and was trying to help me without rousing my fears. This might have been the subject of his long talk with madam, and the cause of his arresting Mr. Marlowe as he did. All these thoughts rushed through my mind, and for a moment turned me cold with an unconquerable dread. Then I recovered my natural courage, and resolved to know the truth.

"What are the symptoms of heart-disease?" I asked, coolly.

"How can you want to know such dreadful things? I hate to hear about sick people and their tiresome aches and pains," said Clara, with an affected shudder.

"But I happen to be interested in the subject and want to know very much. Will you please to tell me, Dr. Damer?"

As I spoke I saw my stepmother look round, nervously, and when Van answered, after a moment's hesitation, it was only to disappoint me.

"Permit me to forget my profession when I can and defer a reply till some other time, as Miss Clara objects. Let me prescribe more wholesome subjects both for your thoughts and conversation, Grace. Saints and martyrs are much better for you than maladies and their symptoms."

My only reply was a defiant nod and a glance toward the library, where I knew there was a pile of old medical books, for Van had been turning them over that day. He understood, but said nothing, and soon strolled away to talk with Mr. Norman. I gladly turned to my friend and listened with an absent mind to his kind chat. It soothed me, and, when dinner was announced, I clung to him as my only support through the long hour, which was a trial to me, for my mind was full of sombre thoughts, my heart of a nameless pain. He seemed to feel that I needed help, and was betrayed into a more lover-like devotion than he had ever shown me before. Van eyed us with a curious smile, and was unusually gay and entertaining. Clara sat beside him, looking so beautiful and brilliant that I could not wonder he endeavored to shine. A handsome woman's smile always inspires a young man, and now I saw the power of beauty over even so wise and grave a person as my Van.



I thought the dinner would never end, but at last we left the gentlemen and betook ourselves to the drawing-room. Madam settled herself for a brief nap, Clara went straight to the glass to rearrange her dress and see if the exertion of dining had flushed her face. Neither minded me, and intent on my purpose, I slipped into the library. Van was there before me; the books had already been seized, and with several under his arm he faced me, looking half amused and half annoyed. For an instant I was too much surprised to speak, then I was angry, and walking directly up to him, I laid my hand on the books and said, decidedly:

"These are mine; I want them."

"That is impossible."

"Do you mean to keep them?"

"Most assuredly."

"That's stealing."

"No, only borrowing."

"But I will have them," and I tried to draw them away.

Taking both my hands in one of his, Van said, seriously:

"I'll have them first! Listen to me, Grace. You will only weary and worry yourself with this stuff. You can't understand it, and it would do you no good if you could. You read too much already, and there must be an end of it. I'm your physician now, and you must obey me. Don't look tragical, but let me do as I like about this, and I'll prescribe Marlowe *ad libitum*."

I saw that he was immovable, and though angry, I rather liked to be lorded over in this friendly way, so I submitted, saying as coldly as I could:

"As I can't help myself I must yield, but on one thing I'm resolved. If you don't answer, and answer truly the question I'm going to ask, I'll never touch your medicine nor let you help me, even if I'm dying. Will you answer?"

He laughed at my solemn tone, but nodded, and still held both hands and books fast.

"Very well; now, tell me truly, have I anything the matter with my heart?"

"Yes."

He spoke reluctantly, and his eyes evaded mine.

I think I grew a little pale; I know my voice shook as I asked, slowly:

"Am I likely to die suddenly, like Mary Temple?"

"I only promised to answer one question."

"No matter, I'm ready."

There was a pause; then I said, wistfully:

"I wish I knew whether you ever had any case like mine before and cured it."

"Yes, I've had two, and both patients are alive and happy now."

"Then I may get well, you think?"

"I shall do my very best for you," and a sudden smile shone down on me.

The words fell cold upon my ear, however, for they were the same he had used to my stepmother the night he came. Hope died away, and the longing to live which seemed to have sprung up suddenly gave place to the old weariness. I sighed a heavy sigh, and stood passively waiting to be released.

"Marlowe will change the sigh into a smile, Grace. You'll be very happy with that excellent old gentleman," said Van, suddenly.

"I think I should be if I loved him."

"Then you don't, yet?"

"Yes, I do, in a certain way, and if Clara hadn't teased me so, I dare say I should have married him. I'm rather tired of standing, can I go?"

"Not yet; you came here for your own pleasure, but you must stay a few moments more for mine. I want to tease a little, for you look meek, and that gives me a desire to be tyrannical. What would make you happiest, Grace?"

"To be dearly loved," was the impulsive answer that rose to my lips, but maidenly instinct checked it. My eyes filled, my cheeks burned, and I would have hidden my face had my hands been free.

Van saw my trouble, dropped the books, and putting his arms about me, drew me to him in the impetuous way he used to do when he had grieved his child play-mate.

"Forgive me, I forgot that we are grown up, and that I've no right to ask questions. I'll do better hereafter; but don't imagine dismal things, Grace; try to be merry, and let the future take care of itself."

"Yes, Van," I began, but got no further, for suddenly releasing me, he vanished without a word. I stood wondering what had scared him away, but saw nothing, and was stooping to take up the books, when madam's voice said behind me:

"What are you doing, child?"

"Don't you see, ma'am?"

"I thought I heard voices here."

"I hear them now from the dining-room."

"Perhaps that is what I heard, then. Where are you going?"

"To my room; I'm tired; excuse me to the gentlemen if I don't come down again."

"They are used to your whims and won't miss you, I dare say."

With that she left me. I carried the books to Van's room and left them on his table, with a line, saying that I gave them to him, as he seemed fond of them and I no longer valued them. Then I went to bed, to weary myself with melancholy thoughts for many hours.

The estimation of the shape of bodies is not due so much to sight as to association of ideas. When sight is restored to adult persons blind from infancy, all objects in the field of vision appear at first as if painted flat on one surface, and no idea of solidity is formed until long exercise of sight is combined with the sense of touch. But in persons of ordinary vision some idea of the projective objects in relief is due to the fact that we do not see precisely the same surface with both eyes. If a die, for instance, is placed straight before us, we can see the front, and with the right eye the right side, and with the left eye the left side. When these images are combined—as they are naturally by the eyes, and artificially by the stereoscope—there is perceived, not a double representation of the object, but a single body projecting in relief.



### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES

THE FIFTH LECTURE.—MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN-STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

PRETTY time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as any ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! I shouldn't have looked up the coals? If I hadn't, I've no doubt the fellow would have staid all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow—and now it's gone. I can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear out the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you a supper when you want one: for want one you will, unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what's it all to end in if such things go on? And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. Why did I keep awake? How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water? for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now, don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night, too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle; but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and I dare say chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for I won't."

"You wish you were out of the world? Oh! yes, that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Aren't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. That will do no good. That won't bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down your throats. Oh, I know it. I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I got into bed—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down-stairs again, I can tell you—I recollected it, and a pretty two hours I've passed—that I left the key in the cupboard—and I know it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort: you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Hal! hal! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow."

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing the poor children should go without—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it."

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint—"

"And mumbling the syllables," says Mr. Caudle's MS., "she went to sleep."

### VEUILLOT'S ODORS OF PARIS.

THE great recent sensation in the literary world of Paris is the publication of "Les Odeurs de Paris," by Louis Veillot, who was the editor of the newspaper called *Le Monde*, until it was suppressed. Veillot is an ardent Catholic, being more Popish than the Pope. He is decided in his opinions of the moral and intellectual demoralization of modern times, and not less decided in his expression of them. His work is a collection of short criticisms, from his own standpoint, upon everything that goes to make up modern life. We translate for the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a few choice bits, which will show the character of the work. Speaking of the new streets and buildings of Paris, he says:

THE STREETS OF PARIS. The streets of Paris are long and wide, bordered with immense houses. These long streets increase daily in length. The broader they are the more difficult it is to pass through them. Carriages encumber the vast roadway, and foot passengers encumber the sidewalks. Looking at one of these streets from the top of one of these houses, it seems like a river in a freshet, tumbling over the ruins of a world.

In truth, Paris is an inundation which has overflooded French civilization, and is carrying away its fragments. Whence will it bear the ruins? For my part, I believe that it will carry them to the prefecture of police. Whether the prefecture of police can construct another civilization out of these fragments I do not know. What this other civilization will be, however, he who wishes to know has only to read Tacitus and Petronius.

THE BUILDINGS OF PARIS. The buildings of new Paris belong to all the styles; taken together, they do not want a certain unity, because all these styles are of the tiresome sort, and the most tiresome of the tiresome sort is the emphatic and straight line style. It seems that the ambition of this city must be a corporal. Here is one of the prodigies peculiar to the nineteenth century. Paris has been rebuilt, and, as it were, all France also, without a single architect having been discovered. Up to the time of Louis XVI., there was an architecture for almost every reign.

We have a quantity of luxurious, pompous, colossal buildings—they are all tiresome; we have a quantity of very ugly buildings—these also are tiresome. These great streets, great quays, great edifices, great drains, either badly copied or badly designed, preserve I know not what air of sudden and irregular fortune. They exhale wearisomeness. They are like the people of yesterday with whom you drink well, eat well, are well seated, well warmed, who give you a light which puts your eyes out, but have nothing to say to you after they have spoken of the occurrences of the moment. Though it rains or snows, so that you can't remain out-doors, still you must leave them.

Speaking of Mürger, the author of "La Vie de Bohème," he says: "Mürger, a child of Paris and of the inferior press, has the marks of his double origin. This species of person sees everything and knows nothing; is occupied with everything, and cares for nothing. All that they know, all that they wish to know of nature, of art, of man and human life, they learn from the journals, the theatres and pictures. They are essentially mockers, or rather parodists: their peculiar faculty is to create the fragile and the false in mediocrity."

"There exists in Paris, about the intellectual workshops, a tribe of parasites, ingenious in criticism, incapable in work, who are constantly making dissertations and never create anything. Minds without organs, tongues without hands. These men say they are lazy in order to hide their self-love, as though intellectual conception permitted idleness, and as though the real artist could avoid producing when the tool was not absolutely wanting. After vain attempts, knowing finally that they will never produce a statue, a picture, a book or a song, they will never give anything but their opinion, these poor devils lose even the faculty for giving an opinion. They become jealous, sad, *biarré*; their taste, which frequently is naturally just and fine, becomes entirely lost. They do not wish to study; feeling that they have not the capacity for it, they come to regard it as a baseness which dishonors genius. Still less do they wish to desert the parietyle of this temple of art which they themselves will never enter. They remain upon its outskirts, hissing those who enter in, admiring those of their own sort, who pretending to force the doors, have met simply with refusal. Among themselves they take the glorious name of rebels—somewhat as a eunuch, burning with lust, makes a display of virtue against the temptations of the sultanas. Poverty uses them up; they live by begging, pass into cynicism and madness, and die in the hospital. When this end comes, a clamor arises from the whole tribe against society. Society is not much moved by it. In fact it shows other and more blame-worthy styles of indifference."

Of Victor Hugo, who was of course his political adversary, he says: "M. Hugo appears to me as an artist without an equal, in whom the sentiment of art is corrupted by the vanity of displaying the peculiar organization which enables him to overcome difficulties, and who has ceased being a musician in order to become an executioner. It is told of a man of genius, whom I do not wish to name, because I do not believe the story, that he wrote an impossible piece for the piano. While his two hands were at the ends of the key-board, a note had to be struck in the middle; he did it by touching the note with his nose. If the fact is so, the great man to whom the story is imputed regretted having offended art, and has banished the impossible piece from his works. M. Hugo, on the contrary, is proud of those touches with his nose, and his works are full of them."

"M. Hugo has no character of nationality; he is a composition, like bell metal, formed of hard, brilliant and sonorous substances of different values, copper, silver and tin, but the fusion, when it is successful, makes a substance more precious than gold. I find in M. Hugo even the form of a bell. He has also, in a certain way, its use, its voice and its weight. Observe, also, that the bell does not ring of itself, but must be swung, and that it is swung by vulgar strength, also that it is liable to crack."

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Is the great Fox's frolicsome days, a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Fox said he could not then pay him. "How can that be?" said the creditor. "You have now lying before you bank notes to a large amount." "These," replied Fox, "are for paying debts of honor." The tradesman immediately threw the bill into the air. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honor, which I can't oblige you to pay." Fox immediately settled.

MR. CECIL tells us that a very pious acquaintance of his, who had long been a clerk in a great mercantile house in London, was urged by the partners to become a member of the firm. They requested Mr. Cecil to urge this upon his friend, a parishioner, which he did, but in vain.

"My dear sir," was the clerk's reply, "I find the power of the world so great and so hard to be contented with in the divine life, that I dare not consent to have it increased."

A BANKRUPT merchant, returning home one night, said to his noble wife:

"My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said:

"Will the sheriff sell you?"

"Oh, no."

"Will the sheriff sell me?"

"Oh, no."

"Will the sheriff sell the children?"

"Oh, no."

"Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us."

It seems that we've a woman or two in the city who are capable of handling the reins of government, as will be shown by what follows: Our reporter was around hunting a house for a friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cozy dwelling. As the door stood open, reporter walked in without knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on the dame of the household, who was making frantic lunges with a broomstick at some object under the bed.

"Good morning, madam. Ah, I see you have a troublesome cat under the bed."

"Troublesome cat? No, sir! It's that sneaking husband of mine; and I'll have him out, or break every bone in his body."

"You will, eh?" said a faint voice under the bed.

"Now, Susy, you may rave and pound, and pound and rave, but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've got the spirit of a man about me!"

A LADY, who, though in the autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its spring, said to Douglas Jerrold:

"I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn so gray. I sometimes fancy it must be the essence of rosemary with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it. What do you think?"

"I should be afraid, madam," replied the distinguished dramatist, dryly, "that it is the essence of Thyme!"

TIMES are so hard it is suggested that pantalons may as well be made without pockets.

QUEER thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can-~~cel~~ it, and if I can-~~cel~~ it, I can't sell it.

ARTEMUS WARD thinks the great yearly fall of rain in England may be owing to the fact that the country has a monarchical form of government.

NAPOLEON has a kidney disease; Victor Emmanuel a paralyzed right arm; Bismarck is sick; the Empress Carlotta crazy; the hair of both the Emperor of Austria and the Queen of Hanover has turned gray within a year; the Pope weeps day and night; and Victoria still broods over the past with profound melancholy. Who wouldn't wear a crown?

"JOHN," said a careful father, "don't give Cousin William's horses too many oats—you know they have hay."

"Yes, sir," said John, moving toward the barn.

"And hark ye, John, don't give them too much hay—you know they have oats."

WHEN the Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an ale-house to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door."

"And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

Two students meeting on the road with a hostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow they would prove him to be a horse or an ass.

"Well," said the hostler, "I can prove your saddle to be a mule."

"A mule!" cried one of them. "How can that be?"

"Because," said the hostler, "it is something between an ass and a horse!"

A GENTLEMAN called on a rich miser, and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport.

"I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if my servants steal the sugar."

WHAT ladies are best to go fishing with? An-nette and Caro-line.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Journal* treats at some length on the best way to prevent hydrophobia. A war, in reply, suggests that he once prevented a case of this dreadful malady by getting on a fourteen rail fence and staying until the "dog" left.

AN inquisitive fool, such as is to be met everywhere, asked a soldier with an empty sleeve how he lost his arm.

"In a thrashing machine, sir," answered the soldier.

"Were you running the machine?"

"Well, no; Ulysses Grant had charge."

SAWDUST pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own sawdust.

A MUTTON chop in boarding-house parlance, means a piece of the bone of a sheep from which the mutton has been all chopped off.

An old miser having listened to a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked, "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

"WHERE are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones.

"Home, sir, home; don't detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."





THE PARTY SEASON—INVITED AND UNINVITED.

## The Party Season.—Invited and Uninvited.

OUR illustration shows a phase of bachelor life which the holiday season brings into very great prominence. The claims of the large class of bachelors who are gathered together in every city are generally disregarded entirely by all women, except during the party season; then they become valuable; their black coats are wanted to give the satisfactory background to a party. But how few of the fashionable women ever think of the poor unfortunates who are left, uninvited, to remain at home, thrown for society upon the resources of a cat, in the cheerless rooms which are advertised as furnished apartments for single gentlemen. The utter disregard of a bachelor's comfort seems the peculiar article of every woman's creed, and extends clear down to the maid of all work, from the very highest ranks of fashionable life. Anything is good enough for a bachelor; he is simply considered among women as an object of fair game, from whom the most money can be obtained for the slightest degree of comfort. When, however, he is captured by one of the opposite sex, a truce is made by the rest in her favor, but even then the poor victim is happy if his captor does not turn upon him the whole of the feeling which before lost a great deal of its intensity in individual cases, by being dissipated through the whole army of his brethren.

## Queen Elizabeth's Oak at Hatfield, England.

HATFIELD, in Hertfordshire, England, which has been a palace, episcopal, royal and noble, for upward of seven centuries, was mostly built by Thorpe, in 1611. The old palace was of the twelfth century; here is the chamber in which the Princess Elizabeth was kept for some time a state prisoner; and in the present mansion, Charles I. was confined. In plan, Hatfield is in the form of half the letter H; each front differs from the other, but in unity of design the Tudor period is remarkably prevalent, and it is believed that no house in the kingdom erected at so early a date remains so entire as this.

Although the Princess Elizabeth was kept a prisoner at Hatfield, she occasionally went to London to pay her court to Queen Mary; and in 1556 she was invited to court, and proceeded thither with great parade. Elizabeth, however, preferred the quiet and pleasant scenery of Hatfield. The hall of the old palace now accommodates about thirty horses. The combination of old trees, the rich-colored brickwork, and the curiously-wrought ironwork of the flower-garden gate, independent of its historical associations, forms a pleasing scene.

The noble park is eleven miles in circuit; here the new house, finished, in 1611, by Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, comes boldly to view. The river Lea passes through the park. Not far from the house are a racket-court and riding-school, both large buildings; near here is an ancient oak of extraordinary size, called the "Lion

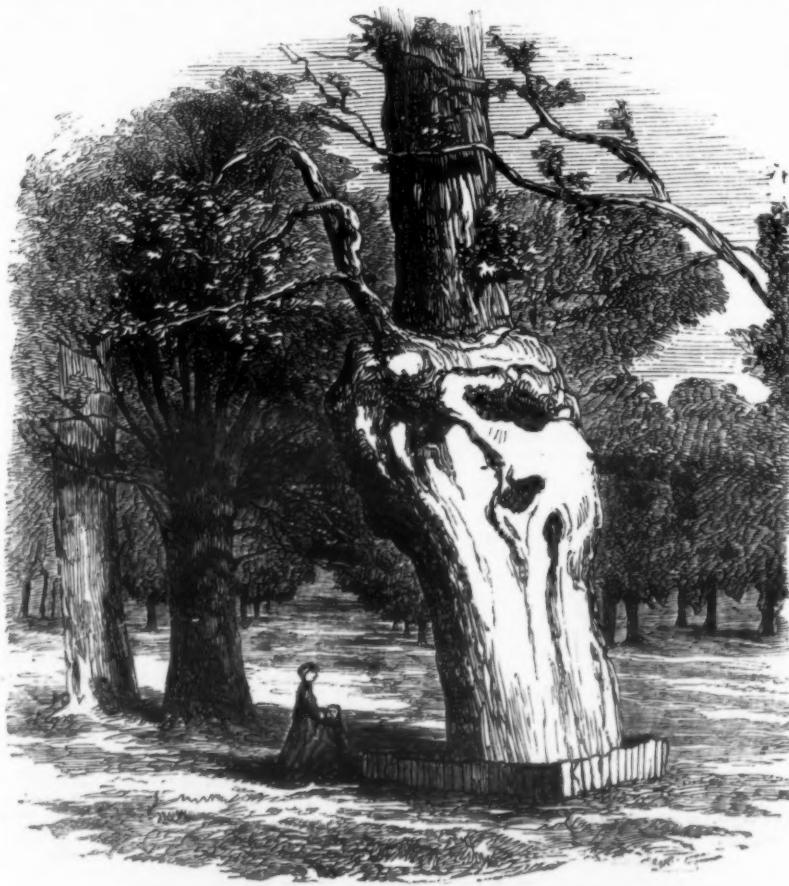
oak," a venerable tree, which, although deprived of many branches, is still crowned by large masses of green foliage and numerous acorns, is upward of thirty feet in circumference, and reputed a thousand years old.

A long and noble avenue of trees, with sunlight glistering on the gray mossy trunks and boughs, leads to the kitchen-garden. Here is an old oak, now much stunted, under which the Princess Elizabeth was sit-

ting when the messengers brought to her the news of Queen Mary's death, and saluted her as Queen. With pomp, and amid great rejoicing, Queen Elizabeth progressed to London—a journey accomplished with much greater trouble 300 years since than at present. Decayed parts of this historical oak, the "Lion oak," and some others, have been, from time to time, covered with cement; and this has not only had the effect of

stopping the progress of destruction, but also been the means of producing both new wood and vegetation.

At the further end of the avenue just mentioned is a building of two or three centuries old, but which has been much disguised by alterations; it is now used as the gardener's lodge. Through this we reach the vineyard—a curious example of the trim gardening of former days. From a terrace a bank descends by a deep gradient to the river Lea. On the upper portion of the terrace are yew-trees planted at intervals, and dressed into singular shapes; in other parts the yew-trees are so cut, that up to a considerable height they seem as straight and solid as a wall; openings are left here and there which lead to dark avenues, cunningly formed by the arching of the branches. From the centre a broad flight of steps, covered with turf, leads to the Lea. On the opposite side of the river an opening has been made in the trees, which shows a picture that stretches away in long perspective. Descending the steps, and looking upward, the view is very striking, and we perceive that the design is intended to imitate a fortress, with its towers of defense, loop-holes and battlements—in fact, vegetation is made to assume an architectural form, which has an extraordinary effect. The vineyard is admirably kept.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK, IN HATFIELD PARK, ENGLAND.

EARLY MAGIC IN ENGLAND.—The Druids were suspected of magic, which, Pliny remarks, derived its origin from medicine. They highly esteemed a kind of stone, or fossil, called *Anginum Ocum*, or Serpents' Egg, which should make the possessor superior in all disputes, and procure the favor of great persons. It was in the form of a ring of glass, either plain or streaked, and was asserted to be produced by the united salivas of a cluster of serpents, raised up in the air by their hissing; when, to be perfectly efficacious, it was to be caught in a clean white cloth before it fell to the ground, the person who received it instantly mounting a swift horse, and riding away at full speed from the rage of the serpents, who pursued him with like rapidity, until they arrived at a river. It has been supposed that these charms were no other than rings of painted glass; and, as it is allowed that the British had home manufactures of glass, it seems that there were imitations of them sold at an equally high price with the real amulet. Their genuineness was to be tried by their setting them in gold, and observing if they swam against the stream when cast into the water; they were, in fact, beads of glass, and the notion of their rare virtues exactly accords with the African exposition in the present day of the Aggrey beads. Sir Richard Colt Hoare found one of the Druidic beads in a barrow in Wiltshire, in material resembling little figures found with the mummies in Egypt, and to be seen in the British Museum. "This curious bead," says Sir Richard Hoare, "has two circular lines, of opaque sky-blue and white, and seems to represent a serpent entwined round a centre, which is perforated. This was certainly one of the Glain Neidyr of the Britons; derived from *Glain*, which is pure and holy, and *Neidyr*, a snake."



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



A MAN THROWN TEN FEET IN THE AIR BY A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

A Man Thrown Ten Feet in the Air.

Mr. James Booth, while superintending the raising of the grain-drying renovator and elevator, which was sunk in the dock by the high wind about a month ago, was seriously, if not fatally injured by an accident. He was assisting to place the sixth and last chain about the elevator, when the fastening of one of the levers parted, and the beam, swinging round, struck him in the back, throwing him about ten feet in the air, so that he fell upon his head on the ice in the river. He was rescued and carefully carried to his home, but the physicians called in to attend him consider his recovery as extremely doubtful.

Ice Blockade at the Ferries.

In connection with the storm, this illustration shows



THE ICE BLOCKADE AT THE FERRIES—PASSENGERS LAND ON THE ICE FROM THE BOATS.

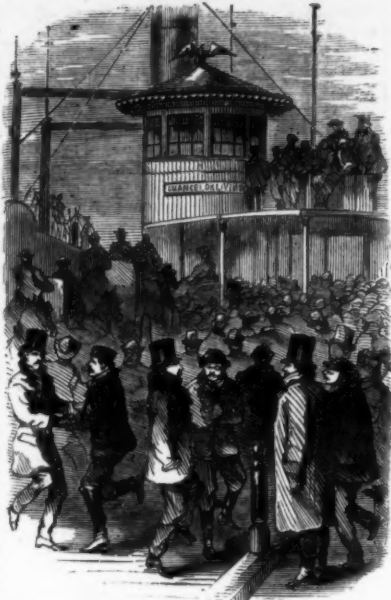
the ice in the slips, preventing the boats from reaching the bridge, and thus forcing the passengers to land upon the ice, and then clamber up as best they could. It is maintained that the ferries could be kept perfectly clear by the use of a few ice-boats, but the managers of these monopolies prefer to increase their private gains at any expense of the comfort and safety of the public. Corporations have neither souls nor consciences, and it would seem as equally wanting in any sense of decency. Their pockets are their only vulnerable point, and the government tinkers should devise some plan to reach them there.

An Intelligent Dog.

As a Dr. Hamilton, of Sutton, Canada, was returning from visiting a patient, his horse took fright, and, starting to run away, threw the doctor out upon the ground. The doctor was struck senseless by the force of the



AN INTELLIGENT DOG.



PASSENGERS ON THE FERRY BOATS DANCING TO KEEP WARM.

blow. His dog, seeing him lying motionless on the ground, ran after the horse, and catching the reins in his teeth, held on so firmly that he stopped him, nor would he let go, until his insensible master was brought up and replaced in the carriage.

Passengers on the Ferry Boats Dancing to Keep Warm.

This scene will be recognized for its truth by the thousands who have suffered during the past week or two from the effects of the storm. What with the high rents which drive us all out of the city, and the danger of drowning or freezing in crossing to the adjacent countries, it is difficult to say what will be the final result. It is becoming impossible to remain, and equally impossible to go away. If we stay we can have no place to live, and if we go away to find a place, we find all time for work occupied in going backward and forward. But with the determination to be jolly under difficulties, we can at least dance in the streets if we stay, and on the boats which pretend to carry us, if we go. Such a



BOSTON POLICE RESCUING CHILDREN FROM THE SNOW STORM.

scene as this might be almost enough to make Mark Tapley envious.

Boston Police Rescuing Children from the Snow-Storm.

Another of our illustrations shows the police of Boston assisting the children home from the public schools. Twenty-seven of those who were lost and in danger of perishing from the cold and storm were thus aided and preserved by the police. In other instances the teachers and scholars were forced to remain all night in the school-house, being provided with beds and food by the neighbors. Singularly enough, as the crowds of persons who live in the vicinity of Boston, and depend upon the railroads to get home, were forced to stay in the city all night, the theatres, stations, hotels and all public places were crowded to repletion. The railroad men say that their roads have not been blocked so badly for twenty years.



A DETERMINED WOMAN.



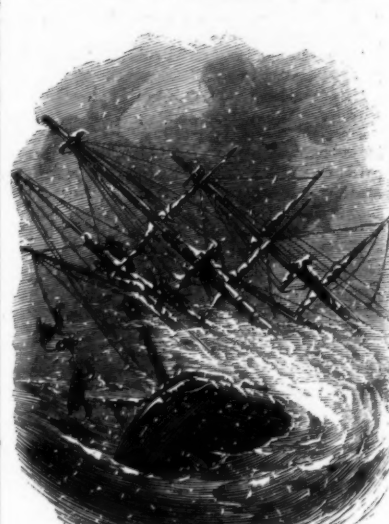
FIRE AT ALBANY, N. Y.

A Determined Woman.

At one of the Baltimore police-stations a woman drove up the other day in a wagon and handed over to the officer in charge her husband, whom she had brought with her in the wagon, bound hand and foot. She stated that she had been a washwoman in the army and had thus acquired some little money, enough to purchase a farm; but her husband, having become dissipated, had at diverse times attempted to kill her and her children. Becoming, as was natural, indignant at this, she had, in self-defense, thrown him down, tied him hand and foot, and brought him there to be put in jail. Her reasonable request was complied with, despite the protests of her lord and master. This style of husband-taming might be extended with advantage. It would teach independence to the women and modesty to the men, and thus exact sex become more perfect, by acquiring those qualities they want.

A Fire in Albany During the Cold Storm.

Mr. H. J. Fellows, a photographer at Albany, sends



MEN FALLING FROZEN FROM THE BARQUE VELMA.

a photograph of a scene in that city caused by the intense cold. A fire broke out in the building occupied by Thompson & Anderson, and the supply of water being very light on account of the cold, the fire gained great headway, and was with difficulty conquered by the steam-engine. Our illustration shows the appearance of the house after the fire, when the entire front was almost covered by ice, the waters from the engines freezing as soon as the fire was partially subdued.

Wreck of the Barque Velma.

The barque Velma, bound from Smyrna to Boston, with a cargo of fruits, was driven by the storm upon the rocks near Plymouth. The crew took refuge in the mizzen rigging, as the sea made a clear breach over the deck. Two of them were overcome by the cold and fell into the sea; the rest were rescued by the life-boats next morning, severely frost-bitten.

Adventure with a Catamount.

At Jackson, Louisiana, a child was recently attacked



ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.



DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

by a catamount, and dreadfully lacerated by the animal. Its mother, hearing its cries of distress, rushed out, and, seizing a pitchfork, boldly attacked the animal, and by a fortunately well-directed blow, thrust one of the tines of the fork so deeply into its eye that it reached the brain, and stretched the animal dead upon the body of her child, who was found to have been injured, but not so as to permanently disfigure it.

Death in the Ball-Room.

In Boonville, Mo., a Miss Kate Hofmeister, while waltzing in a hall given by the Turners in that city, suddenly threw up her hands and fell to the floor. A great confusion instantly took place, people crowding round, supposing she had only fainted, but it was found that she was dead. It is supposed that the cause of her death was heart-disease.

Frozen to Death.

A man named Willis W. Madden was found frozen to death in Colorado Territory. It appears that he had mistaken his road, and was found lying upon some pine



FROZEN TO DEATH.

boughs he had gathered together, apparently for the purpose of making a fire, but as there were found no matches upon him, and no signs that he had commenced a fire, it was probably only a vain attempt to shelter himself which led him to collect them.

Story of a Waterfall.

A young lady in Chicago, who was indulging in a sleigh-ride the other day, was suddenly horrified at feeling a strong jerk at the back of her head. Hastily putting up her hand, she found to her horror that her waterfall had been bodily removed by a horse in the sleigh immediately behind her. The question among the curious is, whether the horse was actuated simply by a desire for mischief, or whether he recognized the hair in it as having at some former period belonged to himself or some of his horse friends, and, taking the law into his own hands, laid violent teeth upon what he knew was stolen property. At any rate, the young lady drew a veil over her misfortune, and returned home as quickly



STORY OF A WATERFALL.



as possible. It will be terrible if the animals should conceive and enforce the plan of claiming and forcibly recovering those parts of our clothing and adornment which we have robbed from them.

## The Mysterious Lady.

BY LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE.

So many years have passed since it occurred, that no harm can now be done by relating the most extraordinary adventure of my life.

It was Christmas Eve; I had been in town but three weeks, and was consequently almost a total stranger. To me the great city was still a crowded and bewildering desert, and again and again in my lonely evenings I longed for my home in the pleasant village, where I knew every one, and felt that nearly all my townfolk had a kindly interest in Charley Elwood.

This festive time was, of course, peculiarly dreary to me, and as I walked away from the store where I was beginning to work my way up, I felt a bitter envy of the smiling groups who passed me, and who had a home and friends to go to. Home! I had no home, but one room in a dreary building, where twenty other forlorn bachelors had a lodging—going out thence as I did for meals, and coming back at night very much as wild beasts might to a den.

I went up to my solitary chamber, lit a fire, and tried to read for a while, but visions of other Christmas Eves, so differently passed in merriment and gaiety, rose up before me, making me feel my own loneliness so keenly that at last, in sheer desperation, I sprang up, and seizing my hat, went out into the street.

I walked on, hardly knowing which way I went, until I found myself in a wide and somewhat lonely avenue. Going down this, and noticing, as I remembered afterward, that the sound of my footsteps echoed loudly in the quiet of the place, I came in front of a large, gloomy-looking building; as I was passing along by the stone wall that guarded it from the street, my attention was suddenly arrested by a faint voice that said:

"Let me out! Oh! please let me out!"

I paused instantly, and then saw that I was close by a small iron door. As I stood listening, hardly knowing if I heard correctly, I caught again the faint words:

"Let me out! Oh! please open this door, and let me out!"

There was no mistake now, it was a woman's voice that appealed to me, and I instantly tried the door-way. To my surprise it opened easily, for I had expected to find it locked. As it swung wide, a lady sprang out and clasped my arm.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she exclaimed. "Now take me away! Oh! please take me away!"

In the darkness I could see little more than the outlines of a graceful head, with long unbound hair, and a slight figure all in white, with garments that seemed very thin and that trailed on the ground in a strange, ghostly way, wholly different from the full flow of ladies' dresses to which I was accustomed, though this happened before the period of hoops.

It can be imagined how startled and occupied I was, as I felt that strange touch on my arm, and heard that appealing voice:

"Take me away! Take me away!"

"Where shall I take you?" I asked, gently.

"I will go with you wherever you wish."

"Oh, I don't know—only away from here, so that they will not find me again. Quick! I came come quickly. They may be coming after me now!"

It was no time to inquire whom she feared; she was too evidently frightened and weak to be questioned regarding that; but, in my utter ignorance of what to do, I ventured to ask again, as I walked on with her:

"Where shall I take you? Have you no home? no friends?"

"Yes; but not here." And then, with a strange gesture of bewilderment, she raised her hand to her head. "Take me to your home—somewhere that I can be warm and safe from them."

"I have no home to take you to but my one room," I said. "Do you wish to go there?"

"Yes—yes!" she replied, eagerly. Then again raising her hand to her brow, "My head is so bewildered; it seems to me there is some reason why I ought not to go there, but I can't remember it," with a gesture of despair; then, as if forgetting every other thought, she asked, "Is it warm?"

"Yes, very."

"Then I will go—I am so cold! Come, let us be quick!"

It was certainly a most extraordinary position to be placed in—for me, a young man of good moral character to be taking a lady to my room late in the evening—but what else could I do? As I have said, I had no friends in the city but some young fellows like myself. I could think of nowhere else to go, and the poor thing was shivering so with cold and terror, it seemed a Christian duty to shelter her. One last appeal I made to her, however:

"You are sure you have no friends here to whom you would rather go than to come with an entire stranger like me?"

"I have no friends here," she answered, dreamily; "that is, I can't remember. What town is this?"

"New York," I answered, more and more astonished.

"New York! Yes, I have some friends here, but I can't remember their names. There is some reason, too, why I ought not to go to your room, but I can't remember it. Do you know it?"

"Is it because it is not proper?" I asked, determined to let her know the position exactly, and not take advantage of her strange condition.

"Proper! Yes, that is it! I remember now! But what matter is it? I am a dead woman—it can do no harm."

As she said these words, "I am a dead woman,"

and I felt the icy chill of her hand on my arm, I must confess a thrill of horror ran through me. We were almost at my lodging-house, but I paused again to ask:

"If you are ill and need help, and cannot think of your friends, had I not better take you to some physician?"

"Physician!" she repeated, with a cry of terror. "Oh! no, no! If you have one spark of Christian charity, do not take me to them, but for the love of God give me shelter and warmth."

After that appeal I could not hesitate. "Come in then," I said; "I will do for you all I can."

We entered the gloomy door of the building, and I led the way to my room, thankful, I must confess, that fortune favored us in meeting no one by the way.

Here was plenty of warmth; the fire in the grate was blazing cheerfully. My strange companion sank into a large arm-chair, and cowered over the blaze, while I turned to light the gas. Then, in its full light, I could see her distinctly. I shall never forget the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life.

It is years since I met with this strange adventure, but to this hour every feature of face and form are indelibly impressed on my memory.

When I turned to look at her, she was leaning back in the chair, watching the fire with dreamy satisfaction, and I contemplated her a moment unnoticed. Her hair, which was of a bright chestnut, was all unbound, rolling in shining masses of wave and curl over her shoulders and down on to her bosom. Her face was very pale, except the faint glow the fire had painted on her cheeks; her features were perfectly regular, and stamped with the unmistakable purity of outline that betokens good blood and high-breeding; her eyes were large, dark and magnificently shaded with long lashes; her figure was slight, but perfectly graceful in contour. Certainly there was some strange mystery about her. Her dress was most extraordinary; it was all of white muslin, elaborately embroidered and trimmed with lace, confined at the waist with a broad white satin sash, and fastened at the throat with a bouquet of faded white rosebuds; yet it was not a ball-dress; it was strange, odd, unearthly, and with her flowing hair, made her look like some spirit, rather than a living woman. My curiosity was irresistibly excited. I had thought she might be insane. But now, as she turned her beautiful eyes on mine, I felt that there was no indication of a broken intellect in this somewhat dreamy but perfectly rational light.

"Do you feel better?" I asked. "Shall I give you something to eat?"

"No, no! I cannot eat, but let me have some wine—something to keep me from dying again!"

She passed her hand to her heart, a deadly pallor overspread her face, and in terror I hastened to give her a stimulant. I had no wine, but I had some very good brandy. Some of this I poured into a glass and brought it to her.

"Here, drink this; it will revive you."

I passed my arm around her, and her beautiful head nestled on my shoulder as I held the goblet to her lips. She drank it eagerly, and then sank back into my arms with a strange abandon. I chafed her small, cold hands, and held her close to me, half terrified, yet hoping so to restore her to consciousness and the ability to tell me who she was and where her friends were to be found.

She lay for several minutes with half-closed eyes, and the fiery stimulant she had taken began to work upon her, and she turned to me with a new light blazing in her eyes, and a bright color gleaming in her cheeks.

"Ah, Howard!" she cried, "we are united at last! Oh, my love! my love!"

Now, my name is Charles, and I was more than ever shocked and bewildered by this strange tune of the mysterious lady. It might have been pleasant enough to have her make love to me under some circumstances, but with the light of delirium in her eyes, and thinking me another man, it was to the last degree painful.

"I am not Howard," I said, faintly.

But she scarcely heard me, certainly she did not heed me.

"Howard! Howard! my love! When they told me you were dead do you know that I sickened and died also? And then—" She raised her hand to her head again. "Yes, I remember—then the physicians took me; there were ever so many of them! Oh, Howard! it was horrible; but now you have saved me; I am happy with you!"

Again the fair head sank on my shoulder in a pause of exhaustion. I tried to disengage myself from her clasp, but she stopped me by suddenly rousing herself.

"Is this heaven, Howard? I thought they only had fires in the other place; but this is nice! and I have you, my love; that is heaven enough! Oh, darling! darling!"

She threw her arms around my neck; her beautiful face, with its wild, eager eyes, was close to mine; her lips were pressed with passionate fondness to my forehead.

Their touch was icy chill. Again a shudder of mortal terror ran through me, the scene had become too terrible, and with a sudden wrench I drew myself away from those cold arms, and staggered to my feet.

"Howard, my love! you leave me! ah! I shall die again!"

She sank back in the chair, a deadly paleness overspread her face, and all the light died out of her eyes.

I could endure it no longer, but in utter horror rushed from the room for help. In the same building with me there was a young medical student. Bob Peters was a good fellow, and from being neighbors we had fallen into a sort of intimacy; to him I now fled, feeling as if at any moment I might see that pale face and form following me. I scarcely paused to knock at Bob's door, but hearing voices inside, burst into it.

Peters and two other students were talking together with pale, scared faces, but at my entrance they started up in horror of my frightened looks.

"Good God! Charley, what is the matter?"

"Come quick!" I gasped; "there is a dying woman in my room."

A queer smile appeared on the faces of his companions; even Bob relaxed into a grim expression of amusement as he said:

"A dying woman! who is she?"

"I don't know who she is, only be quick; come all of you; I may want your help."

They all followed me back to my room, which I opened with fresh apprehension. There lay the mysterious lady as I had left her, only in those few moments a more awful pallor had settled on her face. When Bob and his companions saw her, they seemed as terrified as I was.

"Great heavens, it is she!" cried Bob, as he sprang to her side.

"She! do you know her? is she dying?" I asked, eagerly.

"She is dead!" replied Bob, solemnly, as he turned from a brief examination of the beautiful form.

"Dead!"

"Yes! Dead this time beyond a doubt."

"Good God! Was it my fault?"

"No, I suppose not. But where did you find her?"

I told them in a few brief words.

"And now, what do you know of her?"

"You must promise not to betray us?"

"Of course not. Bob, you have not known me long; but you ought to know I am incapable of that."

"Well, then, we dug her up."

"Dug her up?"

"Yes; she died last Sunday, and was buried yesterday. We dug her up last night, and brought her to the hospital dissecting-room."

"Horrible!"

"Yes, I suppose it was horrible; but she was such a beautiful subject, and it was in the cause of science, you know."

"Never mind your excuses," I said, repressing my disgust. "You are sure she is dead?"

"Yes."

"Go on, then, with your story."

"We were afraid to operate on her till evening; so we left her there, covered up, until all was quiet. Then we went up to the room, and had just commenced preparations, when we heard a noise that startled us, and we ran off; it proved to be a false alarm, but you may imagine our horror on our return to find the body gone!"

"And do you think she could have lived if she had had proper care?"

"No, hardly; you did the best thing for her in giving her brandy, but the end was inevitable."

"Who was she?"

"Miss Morton, of Staten Island; she was engaged to a young man who was accidentally killed about six weeks ago. They say this blow broke her heart, and brought on the fever of which she died."

"Poor lady! Then we will hope she is happy with him now," I said, recalling her delight in fancying herself with Howard again.

"I am thankful enough you happened to find her," said Bob. "Just think what an awful scrape we should have been in if it had been discovered!"

"And what are you going to do now?" I asked.

"I was just thinking."

"I will tell you," I said, "what I must insist upon: I cannot allow you to carry out your original intention with regard to her."

I could not repress a shudder of horror as I spoke.

"Well, no," said Bob; "it does seem too bad, though; she is a beautiful subject."

"Then there is nothing to be done but to bury her again, and the sooner the better."

They all agreed to this, and half an hour later we were in a carriage, on our way to the cemetery, with the beautiful body beside us. It was a novel experience to me, and, I must confess, a most horrible one. Police were not so plenty in those days as now; but we scarcely breathed freely till we had deposited the poor girl's remains in its desecrated grave. It was hard work, digging there in the cold midnight, and the horror and repugnance of the situation were so great to me, that it was weeks before I recovered from it.

I kept Bob's secret, for my own share of the story, innocent as it was, might have given rise to suspicion; but now there can be no harm in telling about the strangest Christmas Eve I ever passed.

## BOLINGBROKE HOUSE.

BATTERSEA, a parish on the Surrey bank of the Thames, three miles south-west of London, was granted to the St. John family in 1627, and remained in their possession until 1763.

Here, in a spacious mansion, eastward of the church, was born, Oct. 1, 1678, Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, one of the brilliant lights of the Augustan Age of literature in England. Here Pope spent most of his time with Bolingbroke, after the return of the latter from his seven years' exile; and his house became also the resort of Swift, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and other leading contemporary men of genius. Lord Marchmont was living with Lord Bolingbroke, at Battersea, when he discovered that Mr. Allen, of Bath, had printed 500 copies of the "Essay on a Patriot King" from the copy which Bolingbroke had presented to Pope; six copies only were printed. Thereupon Lord Marchmont sent Mr. Gravenor for the whole cargo, who carried them out in a wagon, and the books were burnt on the lawn in presence of Lord Bolingbroke. Thereafter he mostly resided at Battersea from 1742 until his death in 1751. He sunk under the dreadful malady beneath which he had long lingered—a cancer in the face, which he bore with exemplary fortitude.

Bolingbroke, with his second wife, niece of Madame de Maintenon, lie in the family vault in St. Mary's Church, where there is an elegant monument by Roubilliac, with busts of the great lord and his lady; the epitaphs on both were written by Lord Bolingbroke: that upon himself is still extant, in his own handwriting, in the British Museum: "Here lies Henry St.

John, in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke; in the days of King George I. and King George II. something more and better."

This house, once sacred to philosophy and poetry, long sanctified by the residence of the noblest genius of his age, honored by the frequent visits of Pope, and the birthplace of the immortal "Essay on Man," is now appropriated to the lowest uses. The house of Bolingbroke has become a windmill! The spot on which the "Essay on Man" was conceived and produced, is converted into a distillery of spirits! Such are the lessons of time! Such are the means by which an eternal agency sets at naught the ephemeral importance of man! But yesterday, this spot was the resort, the hope, and the seat of enjoyment of Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Monson, Mallet, and all the contemporary genius of England—yet a few whirls of the earth round the sun, the change of a figure in the date of the year, and the group have vanished; occupied by hogs and horses, malt-bags and barrels, stills and machinery!

Sir Richard Phillips writes of it thus in his "Morning Walk from London to Kew":

"Alas! said I to the occupier, 'and have these things become the representatives of more human genius than England may ever witness on one spot again—have you thus sacrificed the transitory state of humanity—do you thus become a party with the bigoted enemies of that philosophy which was personified in a Bolingbroke or a Pope?' 'No,' he rejoined, 'I love the name and character of Bolingbroke, and I preserve the house as well as I can with religious veneration; I often smoke my pipe in Mr. Pope's parlor, and think of him with due respect as I walk the part of the terrace opposite his room.' He then conducted me to this interesting parlor, which is of brown polished oak, with a grate and ornaments of the age of George the First; and before its window stood the portion of the terrace upon which the malt-house had not encroached, with the flames moving majestically under its eaves!

"In this room," I exclaimed, "the 'Essay on Man' was probably planned, discussed, and written!" Mr. Hodgson, the then owner, assured me this had always been called 'Pope's Room,' and he had no doubt it was the apartment usually occupied by that great poet, in his visits to his friend Bolingbroke. Other parts of the original house remain, and are occupied and kept in good order. He told me, however, that this was but a wing of the mansion, which extended, in Lord Bolingbroke's time, to the churchyard, and is now appropriated to the maling-house and its warehouses."

**LAVA CURRENTS.**—Some expressions occasionally made use of in speaking of lava currents are extremely inaccurate. Such a thing as a flood or rush of lava has never been known in nature. Lava issues but slowly from the earth, and even when it moves down the steepest slope it advances very slowly close to the point of issue. That which overreached Catania moved with unusual rapidity, but it required twenty days to travel its first eleven miles, with an average fall of one in twenty-five. The remainder of the distance, two miles, required twenty-three days more. Even in very rapid flows, at their most rapid rate, 400 yards an hour, or about twenty feet in a minute, would be an extraordinary pace. Far more commonly the rate is not more than three or four feet per minute, and often it is very much less. A current of lava, therefore, although it may occasionally do great mischief, can hardly arrive at any spot without ample notice. This is not the case with the ashes or other substances erupted, or with earthquakes. The former are often so abundant, and come on so rapidly and unexpectedly, that they entirely bury and destroy villages and towns. The latter devastate large areas, and are much more destructive than the lava currents, commencing as they do without any warning.

**WOTTON HOUSE.**—The interior of Wotton House, the seat of the Evelyn family, with its oddly-planned rooms, its quaint carvings, its pictures, more especially the portraits of the Evelyn family, is a most enjoyable nook. The author of "Stylva," by Kneller, will be recognized as the original of the engraved frontispiece to Evelyn's "Diary," by economy of printing now become a household book. Among the Wotton relics of special historic interest are the prayer-book used by Charles I. on the scaffold; a pinch of the powder laid by Guido Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators to blow up the Parliament; a curious account, in John Evelyn's hand, of the mode in which the Chancellor Clarendon transacted business with his royal master; several letters of John Evelyn, and his account (recently found) of the expense of his building M. Iton House, which occupied four years. The house remains to this day. The library of printed books and pamphlets is curious and extensive. Evelyn was a most laborious annotator, never employing an amanuensis. Among his MSS. is a Bible in three volumes, the margins filled with closely-written notes. John Evelyn died at his house (called "The Head") in Dover-street, Piccadilly, London, February 27, 1705-6. His remains were interred in Wotton Church; his lady surviving him until 1708-9, when, dying in her seventy-fourth year, she was buried near him in the chancel.

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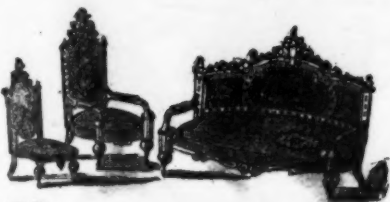
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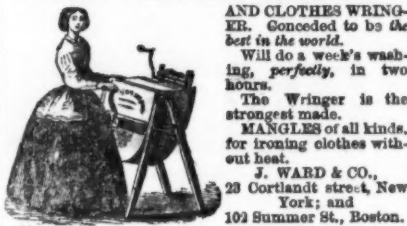
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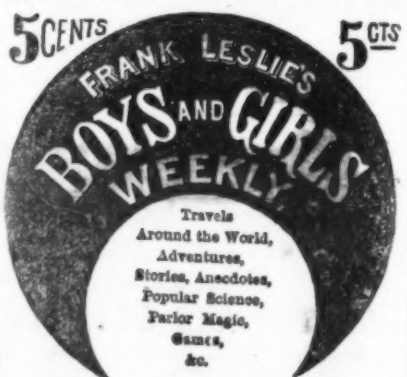
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